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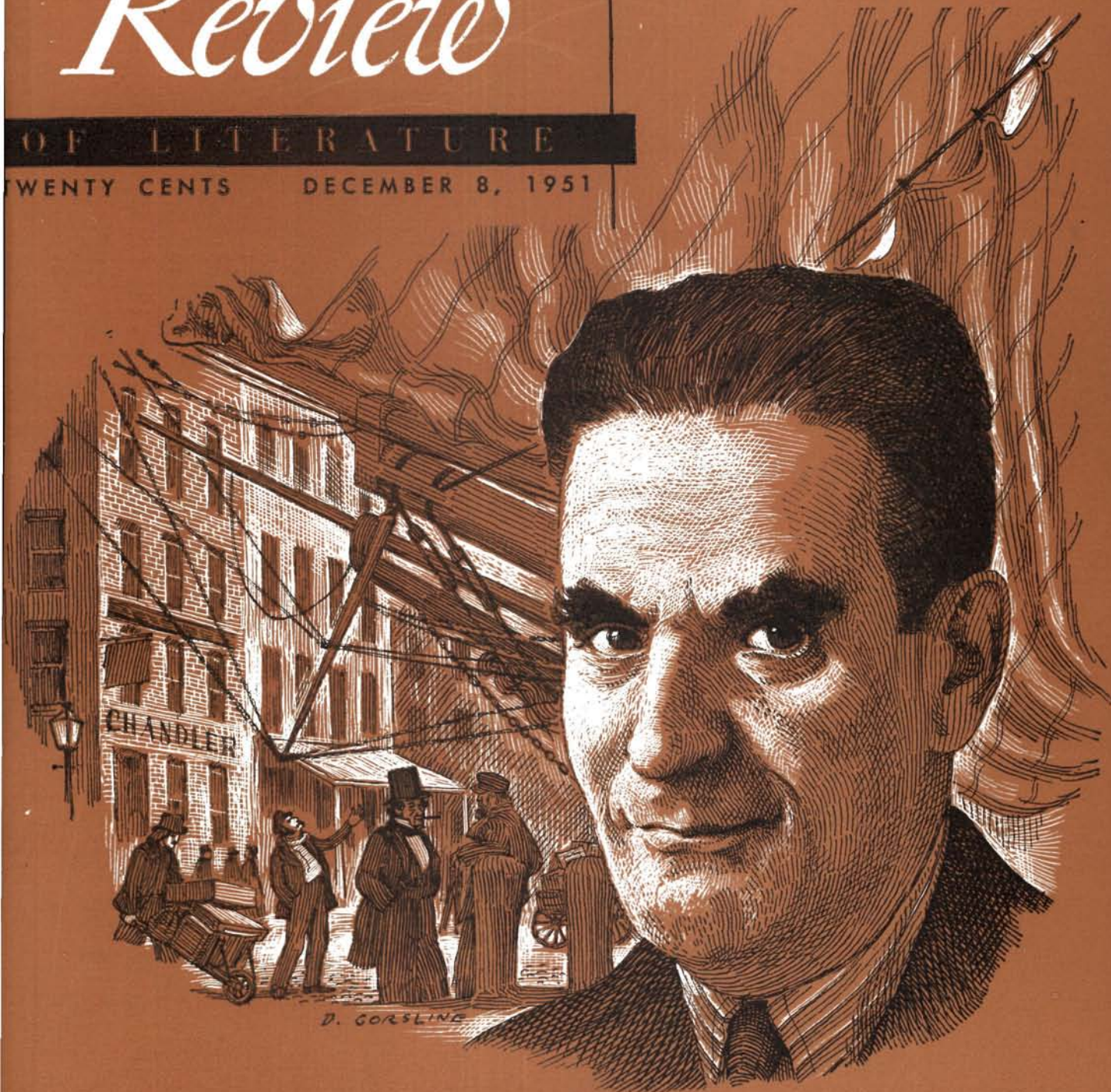
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE
TWENTY CENTS DECEMBER 8, 1951

THE BOOKSELLER & THE BOOK CLUB

By HARRY SCHERMAN



Lloyd Morris, author of "Incredible New York." *(See page 15)*

Must the Public Be Fooled?

By LYMAN BRYSON

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"What could be nicer at Christmas?"

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 49, December 8, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen *it,* they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered *them* in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY, Luke 2: 4-20, as it has been told and read from *Oxford Bibles* since 1675.

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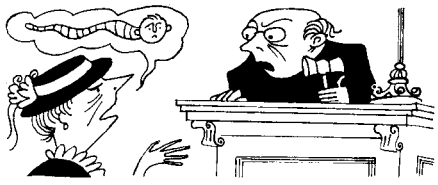
TRADE Winds

IF YOU ARE HALF as interested in the origins of our oldest publishing houses as I am you'll relish this excerpt from a book called "Rich Men of Massachusetts," put on sale exactly one hundred years ago and unearthed by Charles Blanchard. (The money figures are what the gentlemen were reputed to be worth at the time):

Brown, James—$200,000
Of the firm of Little & Brown, publishers and booksellers. Mr. Brown has been the framer of his own fortune, having depended entirely upon his native resources for what he is. The house with which he is connected, and which is the most extensive of any of the kind in New England, has received a marked character from his peculiar genius. It has been said that he is the best judge of the qualities and merits of foreign and rare books, of any person in the "trade." When some sprig of British nobility has been obliged to yield to the blighting effects of dissipation and profligacy, and notice has been given, months in advance, that a library, where the choicest and most valuable books had been collecting for centuries, would be sold under the hammer, Mr. Brown was sure, either in person or by agent, to be present at the sale. This fact explains why their shelves and counters are constantly loaded with those valuable relics of literature and science, long since out of print, and nowhere else to be found. He owns a country seat in Watertown, with



pleasant ground and a large farm, where he has an opportunity for scientific agricultural experiments, for which he has a decided taste. He has given much attention to the unpropitious, as he thinks, condition of the various fruit trees in the northern States.

Little, Charles—$300,000
A merchant decidedly of the old school; thorough business man, and maker of his own fortune. A gentleman, and honorable in all his intercourse with society. Of the firm of Little & Brown. This is one of the oldest, and now the most extensive Law publishing-house in the United States; it may be said to almost monopolize that branch of the trade in this country. This firm have lately contracted with Government to stereotype and publish the laws of the United States, involving an immense amount of capital. They constantly employ some twelve or fifteen presses on stereotype work, in addition to a very large letter-press business. Their extensive commercial intercourse enables them readily to furnish any foreign law, or other rare book to be found anywhere in Europe.

Framed and on display in Little, Brown's Boston office today, incidentally, is this very-much-to-the-point letter from the author of "Little Women." "Please pay my pa a hundred dollars on account and oblige, yours truly, L. M. Alcott."...

AN EFFEMINATE AUTHOR RECEIVED his draft notice and phoned his publisher in a dither of excitement. "I won't be able to come up for the week end, sweetie," he announced. "I'll be fighting for Aunt Sam!"...."Are you trying to tell me," a judge asked an angry lady at the bar, "that your husband is a bookworm?" "Not him," said the lady contemptuously. "He's just the ordinary kind." . . . A shady character served out his sixth term in Jersey for making book on the races and told an intimate, "No more of the wrong side of the law for yours truly. I've bought me a little printing plant, and I'm gonna make real books from now on." "What's your first book going to be?" he was asked. He answered, "Fanny Hill." . . . A timid bookkeeper, out for a Sunday stroll with his wife, bumped into the cantankerous publisher who employed him and reluctantly went through the ceremony of introductions. The wife was delighted. "My husband is always talking about you," she gushed, "and it's wonderful to meet you at last, Mr. Legree." . . . J. R. Buffler, in Austin, Texas, received a form letter from a loan company that began, "Because you are a teacher you can borrow $50 to $500 by mail." His reply began, "Maybe I can borrow this money because I am a teacher, but I couldn't pay it back for the same reason!" . . . Recommended: a little book of hilarious hospital cartoons by Angelo called "Just Be Patient" (John Winston Co.) . . .

POET RICHARD ARMOUR, it develops, is a man of many loves. He writes:

I love the publisher, man of vision,
Who published my book, though he
rued his decision.
I love the critic, a brilliant reviewer,
Whose words might indeed have
been harsher or fewer.

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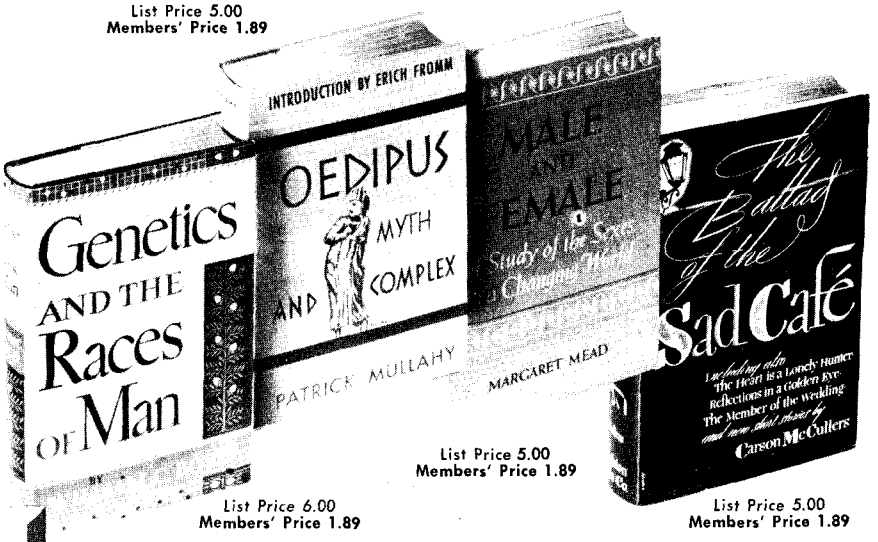

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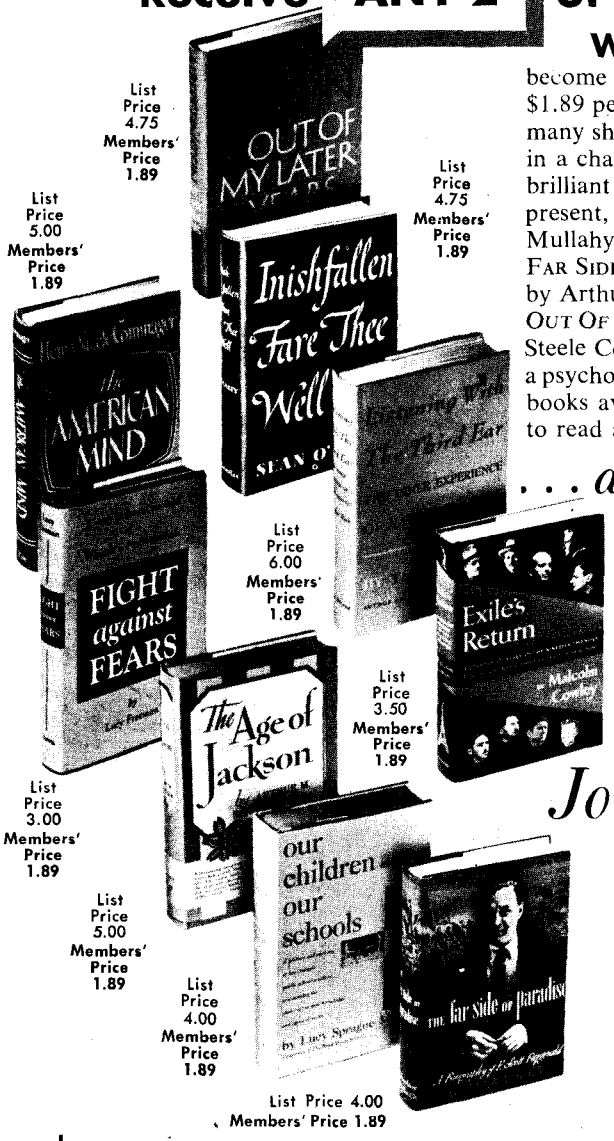

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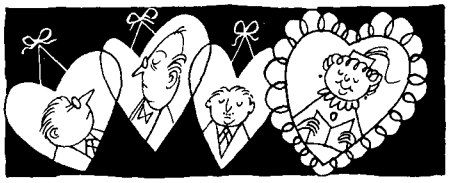
Who placed a small order (though on consignment).



But who makes my heart go most hippety-hoppy?
The little old lady who bought a copy!

Elizabeth Peirce Swift, of Westport, Connecticut, on the other hand, woos only the editor. She beseeches him:

Dear Editor: You love my work;
You did enjoy my story.
(Of course I understand about
Your well-stocked inventory.)

You pen with soothing sympathy
Your letters of rejection;
All shades of hope and cheery praise
Adorn my prize collection.

Though I might miss the friendly glow
In which your notes have kept me
I'd settle for the rudest *FORM*
If you would but accept me!

WES LAWRENCE, ace columnist of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* thinks some of the classics might sell better if their titles were modernized, with a dash of marquee value added here and there. "The Odyssey," for instance, he suggests changing to "Show Me the Way to Go Home"; "Romeo and Juliet" to "Oh, What a Beautiful Mourning"; "A Short History of the United States" to "From Yankee Doodle to Missouri Boodle"; "The Divine Comedy" to "Up from the Styx"; "The Origin of Species" to "Life with Father" or "The Ape of Things to Come." Further nominations are in order. . . . Dr. Felix Hirsch, of Bard College, in the October issue of *College and Research Libraries,* reminds publishers that in one year American libraries spent about $32,000,000 for books and periodicals. Public libraries alone absorbed $8,400,000 worth, or 9 per cent of trade publishing. Dr. Hirsch adds that it is up to librarians, on their part, to remind their clientele that "a book one has bought and owns has, intellectually speaking, greater value than the book one borrows." Lamenting the number of worthy titles that have been allowed to go out of print in recent years, Dr. Hirsch quotes L. S. Jast, of Manchester Library fame: "The burial of a living person is a horror. The burial of a living book is also a tragedy, made the deeper by the many births of dead ones." . . . Most popular

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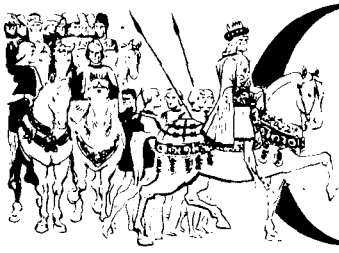

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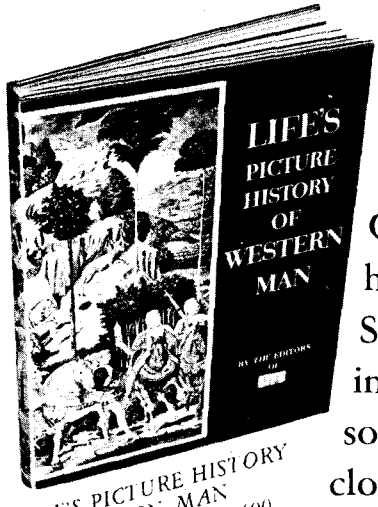

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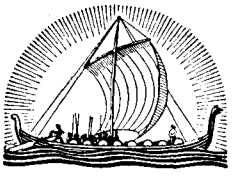

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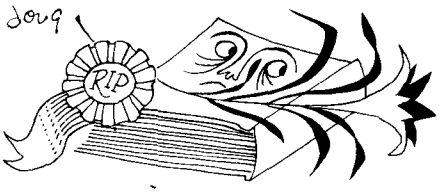

the eighth time. The new edition is available, at only twenty cents a copy, from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. . . .

JUST BEFORE THE BALLOTING began in the 1940 Republican Convention, recalls Stefan Lorant in "The Presidency" (Macmillan), the late Wendell Willkie sought to enlist the support of crusty delegate Jim Watson of Indiana. "Sorry, Wendell," snapped Watson, "but you're just not my kind of dependable, day-in-and-day-out Republican." "I am now," maintained Mr. Willkie, "though I admit I once was a Democrat." "Once was?" snorted Watson. "Well, let me tell you what I think of converts. If a fancy woman truly repented and wanted to join my church I'd welcome her with open arms. I'd even lead her personally to the front pew. But by the Eternal, I wouldn't ask her to lead the choir!"

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 442

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 442 will be found in the next issue.

LITAT PB QX YAXBTJMLTA

IFJU BX TQTAHTLPN FB

LIT IFAO — BITJJTO

FLITPBL.

—ITMDXXO GAXRQ.

Answer to No. 441

The French have an idea, the English give a guess, the Germans have a conviction, the Americans have a reaction.

—LINCOLN STEFFENS: *Autobiography.*

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From the Editorial Rooms of the Beacon Press,

for 49 years atop Beacon Hill in Boston

Can you remember when a major best seller has won such *distinguished scholarly backing?*

PAUL BLANSHARD, author of the 1951 best seller, *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power,* (59,000 copies now in print) and of the earlier study, *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (200,000 now in print.) Each title is selling substantially more than 500 copies a week and *American Freedom* is now half-way through its third year.

From the current issue of THE ANNALS, of The American Academy of Political and Social Sciences:

"Blanshard, Paul. *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power.* Pp. x, 340. Boston: The Beacon Press, 1951. $3.50.

★ ★ ★

"Such a subject as this investigation into the functioning of two authoritarian systems (Communism from the Kremlin, Catholicism from the Vatican), with democracy caught in the middle, could have easily deteriorated into an emotionalized harangue of pseudointellectual gibberish such as one hears so often in political speeches and reads in numberless tracts. The power of scholarly documentation, the restraint in presentation, the logic of analysis goes beyond anything yet written of Communism and — as far as I am aware — of Catholic secularism, with the exception of Blanshard's own previous book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (1949). This then demands the attention and thorough examination of all those who are basically concerned with the future of freedom.

At no time does the author attack Catholic faith or creed or ritual. It is Catholicism as a spiritual power controlling secular fields with dogmatic one-sidedness at which Blanshard points his guns . . .

"Here perhaps is the key to Blanshard's treatise: he considers that political Communism is dabbling in spiritual realms, while spiritual Catholicism is exercising political—that is, temporal—management. Coming from opposite directions, but based on similar plans for conquest of mind, we are told, they meet and by necessity clash. It is Blanshard's concern what happens to American democracy in this clash . . .

"Needless to say, this book will irritate the [Roman Catholic] clergy no less than the Communists; it will furthermore embarrass a good many thinking people who do not like to face facts . . .

Fundamentally, here are things which go beyond the matter of personal conscience and pure religion. This is by no means a controversy which can be taken lightly, but it does seem clear that all the truth is not known yet to man and that authoritarianism of any shape and in any form is not the ideal solution to man's eternal problems."

Boris Erich Nelson, Hampton Institute

***From* JAMES HASTINGS NICHOLS, *author of Democracy and the Churches,* writing in The Westminister Bookman:**

"Mr. Blanshard's positive recommendations concern a moral and economic alternative to Communism, as well as military preparedness and diplomatic coolness. With regard to clerical political penetration, democracy should demand 'that the Vatican cancel for the United States its rule against Catholic attendance at public schools; that the Vatican grant to all Catholic Americans the moral right to study both sides of every social question, including material critical of Catholic policy; and that the Vatican recognize American marriage and divorce as valid.' He believes that the overwhelming majority of American Catholics would support these demands if they could have an opportunity. But he is 'not hopeful of an honest or reasonable solution, because Catholic power makes cowards of more men in public life than we like to think.'

"Appendixes contain excerpts from the Vatican pacts of 1929, and the Mrs. Roosevelt-Spellman correspondence.

"Mr. Blanshard is well-informed, readable, and, in this reviewer's judgment, essentially sound in his political analysis. His defiance of the taboos in discussing these matters may prove a significant contribution to democracy in our time."

From the current issue of The Virginia Quarterly Review:

"Although admitting the vast differences in aim of the Vatican and the Kremlin, he feels that 'they represent the same type intellectual climate, the climate of authoritarian rule over the human mind. Both, he argues, are one-party systems ruled by dictators chosen without recourse to democratic procedure. Both go to great lengths to deify the world leader of the organization, practice censorship and rigid discipline to control the minds of their adherents, and use controlled political parties in an effort to capture democratic countries. Mr. Blanshard maintains that the continuance of American democracy depends upon Jefferson's principle of 'the illimitable freedom of the human mind, and that both Communism and Catholicism are authoritarian attempts to undermine that principle . . . "

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Making American Literary History

CHOSEN COUNTRY

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

"This marks, indeed, a new stage in the development of Dos Passos from a novelist of protest to one of affirmation . . . In essence the story is a simple one — a romance between a man and a woman made for each other. But in order to tell it Dos Passos has dug back into their ancestral beginnings across the ocean, which in turn meant telling something of the American story itself. Events, characters, backgrounds are presented with that familiar wealth of detail that is at once passionate and documentary . . . Dos Passos has come to understand the American tradition he was once thought to despise. It is that tradition, that American way, which is the real hero of this rich, vibrant, always engrossing novel. On every page you find that sure touch, that feeling for people and places, that uncanny ear for talk. The old sensory magic is here, but set against a hopefulness that never was in Dos Passos before."

John Barkham, Saturday Review of Literature Syn. *$4.00*

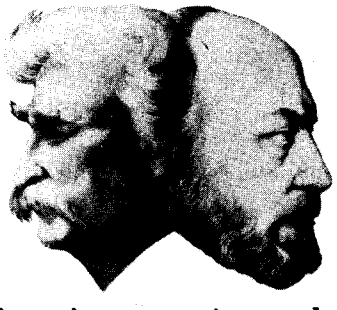
TURN WEST, TURN EAST

Mark Twain - Henry James

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"Dr. Canby's study of Mark Twain and Henry James, done in Plutarch's way of offering parallel interpretations, is much the most illuminating of all his critical investigation . . . his attitudes are put forward with a witty authority that is needed, even in this moment of revival for both reputations, to clarify much-debated matters . . . It seems to me that Dr. Canby has never been in company more sympathetic to his own gifts as interpreter . . . he has achieved that spontaneous identification with his material which, in criticism as in creative work, is the ally of moving and revealing analysis."

James Gray, Saturday Review of Literature Syn.



"Ingenious in conception and fertile in ideas, and blessed, moreover, with the charm of an informal, conversational prose as warm as it is lucid, as mellow as it is worldly wise."

Leon Edel, New York Times *$3.50*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Must the Public Be Fooled?

LYMAN BRYSON

—CBS.
Lyman Bryson

SEVERAL years ago nine German women who held political office in their country were brought to America for some lessons in democracy. Asked to help in that project, I chose to meet them after they had completed their tours. I wanted to hear their questions and comments after they had seen what America was really like. During our conversations, one of the most intelligent of the group struggled to grasp the essential relationship in a democracy between freedom and authority, political freedom and technical authority. She told of being in an American city where the administration of municipal affairs was entrusted to a city manager. He was appointed because of his professional competence and experience. He was an excellent person, and it was evident that he would know the right answers to most practical questions. And yet—this disturbed her deeply—the members of the city council, who were not elected for professional competence, had final authority to overrule his decisions. Even his right decisions!

My answer was that the principle of democracy always makes it necessary for the directly elected representatives of the people to have the final word. Even when they were wrong? Yes, even when, by any technical judgment, they were wrong. I tried to explain that she was still thinking of political action as having no purpose other than to solve political problems, and that if this principle, which was ultimately not democratic but authoritarian, were followed in any country, the rule of the people would eventually be ended. The purpose of political action and the opportunity of free political life is to allow the people ultimately to determine their own destiny, and—after they have had the chance to learn—even to make their own mistakes. The great end of democracy is to allow the people to develop their country by developing themselves.

This does not mean that democracy has no need for leaders. Under any form of government a leader helps the people to choose. If he is a great leader he helps them also to learn. He cannot do this successfully in any society where the closed theory of freedom prevails. The closed theory of freedom, as it is advocated vigorously in all totalitarian countries, is that men have a right to know an official doctrine which is always called the truth. But it implies also that they have a right to know nothing but this official doctrine, and that the state or some other authoritative group of men has the right to interfere in their experience and keep them from knowing anything contrary to it. Under closed forms of freedom tyrants thrive. It is not true that tyrants can never be benevolent. The trouble is that they go on being tyrants, and under tyranny individual men dry up for lack of spiritual exercise.

The other theory of freedom known to the Western world, the open theory, is that men must seek truth by free choice and consequence. They must have the freedom to make mistakes, because freedom is given for the ultimate purpose of democratic political life, which is individual growth.

THESE considerations have some bearing upon the question: "Should a leader deceive the public for the public good?" This question is not likely to become less important as time goes on, for leaders do not get less powerful or less ambitious and the means of deceiving the people is increasing. Political leaders are more than ever dependent on the suffrage of their followers, but more and more mechanical messengers are being put into their hands by which they can coerce public consent. The growth of an industrial culture has tended also to enlarge constantly the units of organization in which men work, and also the collectives in which they think and act together. The great collectives are taking over more and more of our lives, making it more and more difficult for us to comprehend the relations between what we do and any general principles of truth.

We are all multiple: our personali-

Lyman Bryson is professor of education in Teachers College, Columbia University. This essay is based on an address Dr. Bryson delivered before the Institute for Religious and Social Studies and will appear in a volume, "Conflict of Loyalties," to be published early next year by Harper.

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ties are bundles of possible responses, each with the accent of our own peculiar self, but still all widely differing from each other. If we could always be counted on, each one of us, always to act in the same way, no matter how we are challenged, life and politics would be much simpler. It would also be dull and uninteresting; our unpredictability is part of our human charm.

The function of leadership is to help determine in any crisis which of our possible selves will act. The leader is an embodied suggestion, and the combinations of causes and chances that determine the leader who will catch our attention and our support at any time are the causal chain of history.

We do not know how much of our own destiny is ever in our own hands. This is a philosophic, not a practical, question we are dealing with, and we can assume for ourselves the power of rational choice. We do not need to destroy our own freedoms to save us from destroying the freedoms of others; that ironic crime has often been committed, to keep freedom at home and conquer abroad. Witness Britain and India. To lead us into building an empire, provided it is possible to us in material terms, our leaders have got to convince us and keep us convinced that all the slogans of imperialism are true, that we are destined because of our virtue as well as our strength to subdue the world for its own sake.

The purpose of empire building, however, is not the building of great citizens; it is the building of a great state. Great states are built by leaders who lead their people into sacrifice for dreams of power and glory, who lead them to believe that some kinds of doctrinally prescribed freedom may be good for them but that weaker peoples must be led. The cost of empire lies not in possible loss of one's political freedom but in the freedom to know and to learn by free informed experience.

Love of free inquiry and other higher virtues will not destroy the power of a great nation nor make it helpless against attack by force or by insidious ideas. Indeed, it is likely that in modern circumstances open freedom of thought will make a country strong materially as well as in spirit. There is as yet no evidence whatever that totalitarian countries, which suppress skepticism and honest deviation in the name of officially pronounced "truth," can either build or manage a really great industrial system, which depends in the long run on freedom of skill and invention. Neither Britain nor Germany nor the United States created a great industrial state by totalitarian management. Russia has not yet proved, even after thirty-three years of effort, that it can succeed industrially.

Great states can be built only by citizens whose leaders dare to let them use their own minds, who help them to knowledge of alternative choices, conserving for them the essential democratic experience, which is to seek the truth by their own efforts, to know it as far as it can be known, to act on it freely, and to learn freely from free action.

The choice facing us can be put in Kantian terms: we can take men as means or as ends. It is as simple and as difficult as that. If men are to be used as means, if human beings are to be treated by their leaders as means to an end—and I am specifying nothing whatever as to the quality or character of that end, even the realization of national power, the greatness of an institution, the realization of an ideal, or the sacrifice of the present to the future—if men are to be taken as means to an end then it is inevitable that leaders will at certain times deceive them for the public good. But if we accept Kant's ethical principle and believe that men should never be used as means but always as ends in themselves, if their experience is the purpose of political life then the leader, by interfering with the people's experience of free inquiry, no matter how bitter their discoveries may be, is defeating democracy.

The distinction is easy, but to make it work is difficult because a leader, even within my definition, is always also a teacher. Part of his job in every situation and on any scale of operation, social or political or intellectual, is to enlarge constantly the range of thought and the range of possible choices in the minds of his followers. A leader who believes in our kind of democracy, which we practise with considerable success, although we often get mixed up in trying to define it, will say, "My duty is also the duty of a teacher, to increase men's freedom by enlarging their knowledge." The biggest dimension of freedom is the dimension of knowing. As we have to repeat over and over in these days of deliberate obfuscation and innocent confusions, you never can make a choice if you never heard of the choice. Ignorance is not only a chain on your mind, it is also a chain that binds your will.

ANY government or institution or leader that sets out to protect men from making mistakes must act on the assumption that there is an ultimate truth that can be stated as final closed doctrine—and here I am still speaking of political and social truths because religious truth may present other problems. It must act on the assumption that this ultimate truth can be exactly stated and that it can state it better than anyone else. It implies that this "truth" is of a kind that cannot maintain itself by its own character in the open market of ideas, and that it cannot do its work for men unless they are forcibly prevented from ever hearing anything else.

This is the principle, explicitly stated in their own documents, followed by the present Russian Government. The Russians argue in international committees: "We have freedom

(*Continued on page* 40)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH

Prof. Dan H. Laurence, of New York University, offers you a quiz on the supernatural in literature. Allowing five points for each character identified and another five for the title of the story, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 39.

1. A New Hampshire man is tried before a jury of the damned.
2. An old man traps Death up a tree.
3. A pawnbroker regains his lost youth in a garden between Dawn and Sunrise.
4. An American colonial shares a few drinks with a crew of bowling experts.
5. A riverboat man shoots across the sky to celestial regions.
6. A cantankerous old man returns from the beyond in an effort to straighten out his family's problems.
7. A mild-mannered little man becomes involved with a pair of capricious ghosts.
8. A little girl from Kansas outwits the Wicked Witch of the West.
9. The earth is created by "De Lawd," who smokes ten cent "seegars."
10. The quick and the dead share a hectic night atop a Hudson River promontory.

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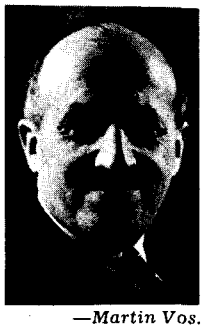
The Bookseller & The Book Club

HARRY SCHERMAN



—Martin Vos.

Harry Scherman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two weeks ago in the editorial "How to Kill a Book" SRL cited one of the complaints many booksellers are voicing these days—that the special arrangements publishers make with the book clubs are imperiling the existence of the American local retail book distribution system. This complaint has found expression in the legal action being brought against the publishers and the book clubs by the Federal Trade Commission. In the same week that the SRL editorial appeared Harry Scherman, president of the Book-of-the-Month Club spoke before a group of New York booksellers. He presented a rounded analysis of the problems of book publishing and distribution, with special emphasis on the book clubs and the booksellers. The following article is drawn from his talk.*

LET ME begin with what at first glance may seem like a kind of simple-minded first principle about the book business. There is a single supreme fact which underlies practically everything that happens in the marketing of books. It is this: no person inclined to read books ever begins to read as many as he intends to. On its practical, on its commercial side, it can be stated this way: The intending buyers of practically every book published far outnumber the final, actual buyers.

I say intending buyers carefully; not potential buyers, not those additional persons who could be made interested, to the point of parting with their money, in practically every book published. With intending buyers all the processes of persuasion have been finished. The selling has been done. These people are all ready and willing to give up their money for a particular book. But most of them never do. And, naturally, after a short time the intention dissipates. These unconsummated sales must run into uncountable millions of dollars every year.

In passing I might say that the Book-of-the-Month Club really had its origin in the recognition of this simple truth, and to my mind it explains fully the success of the idea, and the subsequent rise of all book clubs in the United States. It has pregnant implications in a lot of directions. First and obviously, there—on the doorstep of every one in the industry — is the great perpetual opportunity for expanding his sales. In other words, what we sellers principally have to concern ourselves with is to find ways of lessening this immense gap between the intention of buying books and the buying of them. I don't want to imply by any means that this is easy. All I say is that it's supremely important for everyone in the book industry, especially those of us who are distributors, to be aware that this constitutes our main problem as well as our main opportunity for expansion.

Now, the very sad truth of the matter is that for years and years—in fact, practically always—it has been made difficult for most readers in the United States to get books which they want to buy at the moment the intention is good and hot. In other words, this reading-delinquency really provides—and it is the only thing that does provide—a rational explanation of the crazy-quilt character of the book industry. To my mind, it's far from being as crazy-quilt as it seems. It is a major economic characteristic of our modern society that all products designed for consumers have to go out and find their buyers. This is the economic explanation of the prevalence and prominence of advertising in our civilization. The contradictory, the superficially antagonistic aspects of book distribution, all are a kind of natural economic development: a natural growth, arising out of the need of books to get themselves distributed more widely among the people who want to buy them.

It's highly instructive, I think, to look at the history of American bookselling from this angle. Always it has been plagued by this big fact: that its natural distribution system is woefully inadequate to meet the demand that actually exists, let alone creating more demand.

I hope this proposition is not misunderstood, particularly by booksellers. Those who have bookstores are performing this function for their neighborhood, and, when they are centrally located, for a larger clientele. But they are a very select few.

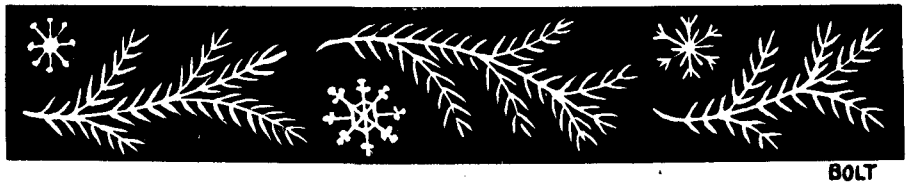
The 1948 Census counted some 2,900 booksellers in the United States. Fewer than half of these, however, are establishments that carry even a moderate variety of new and old books. In this connection it is significant that one old-line publisher will now carry only the accounts of some 400 stores, the business from the rest being so small that it is unprofitable to handle; and it is turned over to jobbers. A fair notion of the number of establishments predominantly occupied in distributing books (including department stores with real book departments) is provided by the membership of the American Booksellers Association, which is around 1,100, with a total of approximately 1,400 outlets.

Compare this with the retail outlets of a few other industries we find in the latest published Census figures (for 1948):

Food stores	504,000
Eating and drinking places	347,000
Gasoline service	188,000
Apparel stores	115,000
Lumber, hardware, etc.	99,000
Auto and auto accessories	86,000
Drug stores	56,000

And so on. Now, of course, it would be foolish for anybody to expect that there should be as many bookstores as there are grocers, druggists, newsstands, stationery stores, etc. I cite these figures only because they point up so strikingly one thing. These are all adequate distribution services with national coverage. Compare them with roughly 1,500 bookstores, and you then realize how scattered and sporadic among 150,000,000 people the retail book distribution service is. Moreover, these relatively few are concentrated in the large centers of population, leaving whole large areas unserved by any retail distribution.

May I repeat that this is no economic reflection upon the job being done by the booksellers who do exist. Indeed, it would be no easy matter to



BOLT

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determine who or what is blameworthy for this state of affairs. It is important, however, that all who are interested in books be aware of the big fact itself. Orderly and unconfused thinking about the industry's problems is impossible without recognition of this obvious inadequate national coverage of the book distribution system as represented solely by the retail bookstore.

I said before that this fact fully explains the crazy-quilt character of the book business. Just how? Looking back, you will find publishers—representing authors—quite naturally seeking out, or being drawn into, other avenues of distribution, built up by other industries to market entirely different kinds of products. That would be the logical economic thing to expect, and it is exactly what has happened—over a long period.

It's extremely illuminating, indeed, to take a quick look at this aspect of the economic history of the book business. Go back to Mark Twain's time, since he was among the first American authors to have really big best sellers. The volume of sales he could expect from stores was so unsatisfactory that he became publisher as well as author and his books were largely distributed by thousands of book agents. The necessary supplementary system of book distribution was resorted to fairly widely by most publishers in Mark Twain's time. But it was an unwieldy and expensive way of distributing single books. Mark Twain himself went broke finally in relying on it. It survived—as it has to this day—only in the selling of high-priced sets.

Later publishers found it easier and more convenient to go out of their natural medium of distribution, the bookstore, by extending into the department stores. That was, roughly, about seventy-five years ago. The department stores started out largely as dry goods stores. It was quite an innovation when, among other products, they extended their activities to books. And, of course, at the time this represented just as much "competition" for the retail bookstore as later developments; particularly since department stores were more generally inclined to cut prices.

AROUND the turn of the century Alexander Grosset began opening up another avenue of distribution—the drugstore — with low-priced reprints. This involved not only a drastic cut in prices and royalties, but the exclusive leasing of plates, which now, fifty years later, becomes an issue a little surprisingly raised by the Federal Trade Commission in its present complaint against publishers with regard to book clubs. This plate-leasing began in 1903. It was absolutely necessary, of course, in order to open up that particular avenue of distribution. Grosset's first such book, which will raise nostalgic memories in old-timers, was "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford, published by Dodd, Mead.

The next major development, I think, was book clubs. All we did really—from an economic point of view—was to make use of avenues of distribution *for single new books* that had already proved useful for sets of old books—namely, the United States post offices. There are now some 42,000 of these utilizable centers of distribution, and people in every single one of them do utilize the opportunity.

Roughly about the same time as book clubs, the lending library developed, utilizing—for books— a distribution system built up largely by stationery manufacturers. This was really bookstore "competition" with a vengeance, if readers could pay a few cents to read a book instead of its full retail price. During the Depression, as you all know, the lending library system was extended very widely by the jobbers. I am told that the American News Company alone, at one time, serviced 30,000 such outlets.

The latest development in this broad picture is the utilization of the newsstand with the twenty-five cent reprints: a really blanketing distribution system built up by the magazines and newspapers. It represents at the present time, I am told, 100,000 outlets for books.

There have been other closely related developments. The five-and-ten cent stores were a distribution system first opened up for serious books by the predecessor of the Book-of-the Month Club, the Little Leather Library, with ten cent classics. We used to sell about a million copies a year in that field. This volume was insufficient, so we had to drop it and use the mails. In later years low-priced reprints broke into the slightly higher-priced chain stores. Even the food chains have now become utilized here and there for books.

There, rather broadly, is the historic picture, and it becomes most instructive to analyze it. The main elements plainly are these: first, a clear-cut inadequate national coverage of the field by what would be the natural distributive medium, neighborhood retail bookstores; second, a natural growth arising out of this state of affairs into other distributive systems built up by other kinds of producers for completely different kinds of products.

Now, most interesting of all to me, in speculating upon this picture, is one final aspect of it. Everyone of these developments represented clearly very lively competition with all other then existing fields. In every case it meant new merchants, new people selling the same goods—and so far as booksellers are concerned, frequently at a great price advantage against them. The fifty cent and dollar reprints, the small charge of lending libraries, the lower prices of book clubs with their premiums, the twenty-five cent books—moreover, the fact that every one of these distributive systems had far more outlets and represented much more public convenience than the bookseller—every one of these developments logically should long ago have elbowed most booksellers alto-

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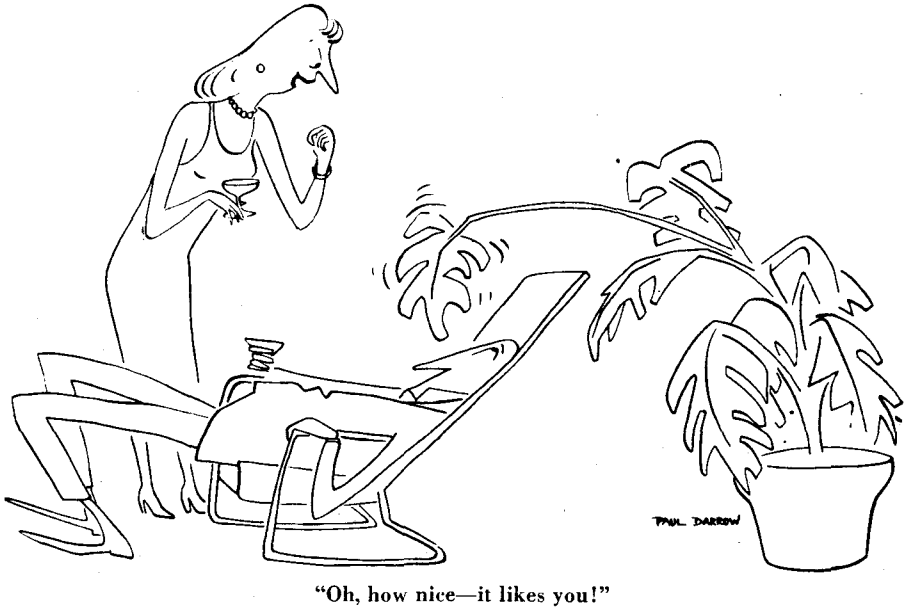

"Oh, how nice—it likes you!"

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Americana. *Two decades ago the Rivers of America Series started our social historians off on an apparently limitless project chronicling the national past from the vantage point of topography; more recently the success of Cleveland Amory's "The Proper Bostonians" has set them to looking at what goes on in the cities. It is not easy to hew to the thin line separating the circumspection that bores outlanders from the raciness that offends patriotic natives; few of his successors have matched Amory's pioneering effort. This season brings four new books about cities: Lloyd Morris's "Incredible New York" (see below), Nelson Algren's prose poem "Chicago: City on the Make" (page 17); Francis F. Beirne's "The Amiable Baltimoreans"; and George Fuermann's "Houston: Land of the Big Rich" (the latter two to be reviewed soon) . . . In "Gentlemen, Swords and Pistols" (page 18) Harnett T. Kane describes a Southern custom that reveals a good deal about antebellum psychology.*

Double Exposure of the Big Town

INCREDIBLE NEW YORK: High Life and Low Life of the Last Hundred Years. By Lloyd Morris. New York: Random House. 370 pp. $5.

By CLEVELAND RODGERS

NEW YORK CITY is a constant challenge to writers with an urge to describe the indescribable and to express the inexpressible. Some features of the big town are much easier to describe than to explain, but it is as difficult to compress the quintessentials of the metropolis's metabolism into a book as it is to find parking space. Nevertheless, Mr. Morris has packed a prodigious amount of highly readable material into his latest book.

Apparently he started with the idea of presenting a double-exposure picture of "high" and "low" life in New York during the past century. If so, he had an experience common to fictionists, who often find certain of their characters running away with their stories. Most of the book has to do with the sensational and bizarre phases of high life. The low life depicted is very low indeed, and there is nothing much in between. The rich society folks, notorious crooks, and high-placed sinners are portrayed in glamorous settings, while the short and simple annals of the poor are further condensed and simplified.

The result is one of the most complete anthologies of sensational, real-life stories ever to be compiled. Certainly, it is one of the most readable; and there is no getting away from it: these retold scandals are great human-interest stories, much more fascinating than fiction.

Where, for example, could a novel reader find a more absorbing story of human frailty or such an array of dynamic characters as were involved in the Henry Ward Beecher-Tilden scandal, with the notorious Victoria Woodhull as both the exposer and defender of the irresistible preacher-philanderer? Or the high-low life drama of Jim Fisk, Josie Mansfield, and Edward S. Stokes? There were many others in the bad old days, with the Harry Thaw-Stanford White tragedy putting the new century into close competition with the old.

Little old New York really was a city of sin. One gets the impression at times that half the streets were lined with brothels, saloons, gambling joints, ostentatious mansions, and slums. We didn't know until now that Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage called Sixth Avenue the "Street of Sin" and "Satan's Circus," long before it became the Avenue of the Americas. In such an atmosphere Madame Restell, professor of midwifery and the most notorious and expensive abortionist in town, could maintain a mansion at Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street until Anthony Comstock had the Madame indicted and she committed suicide.

All the scandalous skeletons in Father Knickerbocker's crowded closets are paraded as they appeared in the flesh. "Boss" Tweed and his Forty Thieves, the Dead Rabbits, Bowery Boys, and other crude, uncouth, pre-Prohibition gangsters are in the line-up along with the more glamorous figures. And right behind them are the crusaders and sin-haters, from Dr. Pankhurst, Lexow, and Mazet down to Samuel Seabury and Senator Kefauver.

Real old-timers who vaguely remember the Gay Nineties, and the "lost generation" of the Twenties—now reveling nostalgically in the Fitzgerald revival—may be surprised to learn that the goings-on of half a century earlier were equally enlivening. However, as we come down to day before yesterday we realize that we do not get better: we merely grow older.

While the cumulative effect of such a concentration of the sensational is appalling, we cannot agree with Mr. Morris's implications that New York was or is utterly and incredibly bad. It seems more accurate to say that New York, growing amazingly during the last century, has attracted and provided a stage setting for an inordinately large number of incredible people. It is all a matter of perspective and emphasis.

Mr. Morris's method is dramatic. Saints and sinners, squalor and glitter, starvation and epicureanism, dazzling costume balls, fantastic stag parties, picturesque crooks, murderers, and the glamorous personalities who are paraded across the stage create a vivid and absorbing cyclorama of a century.

In between the scandals and highlights on low life Mr. Morris gives us glimpses of physical changes as New York was speedily transformed from a small community on the tip of Manhattan Island into the great conurbation of today. The brownstone mansions that led the march from City Hall northward were soon overtaken and replaced by business. We see the great upward and outward thrusts as the vertical city comes into being, starting with the Tower Building of thirteen stories, followed by the Singer, Woolworth, and other towers downtown, and culminating in the Empire State, Rockefeller Center, and the United Nations Building on the East River.

Mr. Morris seems to have been unimpressed by the corresponding outward thrusts when the old town erupted and millions migrated over the great bridges and through tunnels, to create the Greater City. The author is weakest in dealing with fundamental social, political, and economic de-

Cleveland Rodgers, a member of the New York City Planning Commission, is the author of "New York Plans for the Future" and co-author (with Rebecca B. Rankin) of "New York: The World's Capital City."

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velopment during the evolution of the community.

He is at his best in his fast-moving history of the theatre and in his treatment of writers, artists, musicians, and the "Medici," who during the fabulous Golden Era made New York a cultural center. He starts his literary history by declaring that while polite New York shuddered at "Leaves of Grass" "Whitman found his sturdiest defenders among the girls who frequented the long table in Pfaff's cellar." (We doubt it. Ada Clark, yes? Whitman was one of her sturdiest defenders.) Otherwise we get a lively account of the scribes and artists who gradually took the honors from Boston and established New York as the "Athens of America."

Anyone can check up on the writers and artists, but only old Broadwayites can fully appreciate Mr. Morris's fascinating account of the theatre. It is of this phase of New York that he writes with the most feeling.

Having put so much of New York's story into a single volume it seems ungracious to note omissions. Nevertheless, millions of New Yorkers have been slighted, including many of the foremost builders and constructive geniuses, together with ordinary people who do not get their names into the headlines. After expending so much effort ravishing musty files, Mr. Morris might have improved his book if he had spent a little more time exploring the modern city and contemplating its significance and new status in the larger scheme of things. It is getting less mean all the time.

In his epilogue Mr. Morris quotes Walt Whitman's familiar declaration that New York offers "the directest proof yet of successful Democracy." He does not present much of the additional evidence that has been accumulating during the intervening century since Whitman testified. While this is regrettable we could not reasonably ask for more in one book than we find in this one. And, in addition to the readable text, the profusion of fine illustrations tells its own story.

Distillations on Democracy

LIVING IDEAS IN AMERICA. Edited and with commentary by Henry Steele Commager. New York: Harper & Bros. 732 pp. $6.

THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. 205 pp. $2.75.

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

LITERACY, like freedom, is a terrible and cruel thing. It exacts a vigilance as eternal as liberty's. A century ago all that seemed necessary for a good society was the extension of free education to wipe out illiteracy. For all practical purposes that has been accomplished in this country. The results certainly have not been as foreseen. The general ability to read and write has brought many changes, true; some too often in ways of which no nineteenth-century crusader could have dreamed. The crazy industries of the billboard and neon light justify G. K. Chesterton's famous observation of Times Square as a beautiful sight —for illiterates.

Social scientists have been making us aware for some time that things we want desperately are not always easy to take when we get them. Instinctive in man are traits which turn out to be at variance with ideals of heart and mind. Phrases like "escape from freedom" startle at first but on analysis prove to be all too accurate. A free man can be even more burdened than a slave. Similarly, a literate man is often a troubled man. For his skill in deciphering, he pays the bitter price of thinking, appreciating, and evaluating. Small wonder then, that comic books and picture magazines become man's media, vulgar substitutes for the great words.

For all of that, the ideas we live by are found best stated in the written document. Every faith has its sacred writings, and American democracy is no exception. Natural custodians of the text are librarians. It is not only neat, therefore, but actually fitting that to commemorate its seventy-fifth anniversary in times like these the American Library Association should be instrumental in the publication of "Living Ideas in America" and "This American People."

They are two books which, to repeat the old cliche, belong side by side, the one a compendium of American historical documentation, the other a fresh and down-to-the-minute report on what the American idea is and how it looks today. Alike in some ways, they differ in others. The author of "Living Ideas" is an historian who knows the news, that of "This American People" a journalist who knows his history. Both are distillations of many authors, but he who can quote direct from Jefferson and Lincoln, from Thoreau and Whitman has got the angels more obviously on his side.

It is wonderfully strange how so many of the familiar phases of our country's history and philosophy stay fresh. Soap boxes, Fourth of July, and professional flag-waving notwithstanding, when read in context the preamble to the Constitution is still thrilling. The Hymn to the "rude bridge" of Concord is as warming as a Sousa march. Strange, too, is the resonance of the same words in our own day—David Lilienthal's credo, Stephen Vincent Benét's verse, Franklin Roosevelt's inaugurals. These you'll find in Commager's source book. You will find more, too. For while there are many source books of American documents, none is more revealing than this one. Unlike many it has unity, and unlike most a point of view. Professor Commager selects his pearls and strings them together on a tough chain

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William S. Lynch is superintendent of schools of Fall River, Mass.

"Opening of Brooklyn Bridge, 1863."

—From the jacket of "Incredible New York."

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—Bob McCullough.

Nelson Algren—"loneliest creation of all this very old poor earth."

of connecting comment. His sympathies are those of a Jeffersonian liberal, and they color his inclusions and exclusions. It is the bias running through his linking narrative. Jefferson is his hero even as he must be anyone's who feels strongly the finer basic principles of America. "Jefferson was the most logical, the most consistent, and the most thoroughgoing democrat ever to occupy high office in the United States, and we have not yet exhausted his concept of democracy."

Johnson and Commager are not merely writing history in these two books. They are actually doing that which historians often claim as their major purpose. They are looking at the chaotic present from a knowledge of the past in order to find some order in the nature of what is. Are the problems which torment us today the same or different from those of the past? Have the old ideas of America become outdated and passé? Their answer is not unusual. The American idea is still valid; in fact, they would say, it is the only idea of its kind which offers any chance for the salvation of the world. While this faith in liberal democracy is shared by many, it is rare to find it propounded as convincingly and as contagiously.

Many times before this the fundamental beliefs on which America has been built have been threatened both internally and externally, almost always by fear. The great dilemmas appear again and again: liberty and order, freedom and security, localism and centralism, majority and minority —the paradoxes of Hamilton, Calhoun, Lincoln, Roosevelt—the whole roster of memorable men and events. Commager has organized his selections and editorial comment about these resolved and unresolved contradictions. He selects the essays, the speeches, the poems, even the novels which illuminate the great debates. In doing so he lights up the shadowy places of the past and the deeper darkness of today. Huck Finn on Mark Twain's raft and Thoreau in his "Civil Disobedience" can set men's consciences to right on racial tolerance any time. Conant's "Wanted: American Radicals" follows logically and naturally Parker and Emerson.

Democracy is a dangerous form of government we are told in "This American People." Every hour since 1776 the United States has been exposed to the calamity that overtook Russia in 1917 and Germany in 1933. Athens, Rome, the whole twenty-one civilizations of Arnold J. Toynbee, fit a pattern and inevitably collapsed. But there is this difference: America's government was instituted to protect the rights of individual men. None of the empires which have fallen could make this claim. Our survival, therefore, comes down to the matter of the preservation of individual rights. Thought of in these terms, loyalty oaths, security checks, academic freedom, and the other commotions of an insecure time take on a terrible import. McCarthyism becomes not just a vulgar form of irresponsibility, but a vicious attack on the nation's ability and willingness to survive.

We brag a lot about our inheritance of American idealism. We have every reason to be proud of it as both these books show. "Whether enough of us are worthy of our inheritance remains to be seen, but some are; and for the high-hearted successor of the men of old there is wonder in being American, for the bold man there is delight."

Hustling Metropolis

CHICAGO: CITY ON THE MAKE. By Nelson Algren. New York: Doubleday & Co. 92 pp. $1.50.

By EMMETT DEDMON

THE QUALITIES of Nelson Algren's prose essay on Chicago are those of fine poetry—vivid images, richness of language, economy of form, and most importantly, poetic vision. It is necessary to go back to the "Chicago Poems" of Carl Sandburg, to whom this volume is dedicated, to find a book about the city comparable to Algren's.

Sandburg's poems were a gallery of the city's faces: the builders of railroads, freight handlers, hog butchers to the nation, anarchists, immigrants, and dreamers hoping for an eight-hour day. Algren gives us only the picture of a single face that seems to him the sum of all Chicago's faces—the sharp-eyed countenance of the "hustler." To Algren it is a town whose pioneers "skinned the redskin down to his final feather, the forests down to the ultimate leaf of autumn, the farmer out of his last wormy kernel of Indian corn; and passed the rain-swept seasons between cheerfully skinning one another."

It's a town where, "whether you're in the local writing racket or in the burglary line, if you're not a bull then you'd better be a fox. Wise up, Jim; it's a joint where the bulls and foxes live well and the lambs wind up head-down from the hook. . . . 'If he can get away with it I give the man credit,' is said here of both bad poets and good safeblowers."

Of course, he explains, "before you earn the right to rap any sort of joint, you have to love it a little while." And there is no doubt that Algren loves his Chicago.

To understand this kind of love-making, which praises a lady's vices rather than virtues, you might have to be a Chicagoan yourself. Or it might be enough to see Algren, who writes here of the infamous Black Sox scandal that broke his young boy's heart, out at Comiskey Park any day during the home season cheering for the new Chicago White Sox.

There hasn't been any lack of honest men in Chicago, "sweating out Jane Addams's hopes," he concedes, "but they get only two outs to the

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Emmett Dedmon is book and drama critic of the Chicago Sun-Times *and author of the war novel, "Duty to Live."*

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inning while the hustlers are taking four. . . . The ball game isn't over yet. But it's a rigged ball game."

There will be those to object that Algren's picture is neither fair nor complete. No single portrait of such a city can ever be complete, however; as for its fairness, perhaps this is not such a great virtue as honesty.

It wasn't Algren who quoted the bookmaker in Chicago as saying the new Federal tax would put him out of business "because every squad car on the street will be around to shake me down when my address is published." It wasn't Algren but a West Side Democratic boss who said to me after honest Martin Kennelly had been elected mayor for a second time, "Chicago ain't a church town." And it wasn't Algren but ex-Mayor Kelly, who knew he had to be a bulll or "wind up head down from the hook," who said, "If I don't run the machine, the machine will run me."

Algren is not a muckraker but a poet, and all these things concern him only incidentally. He is willing to accept the fact that "always our villains have hearts of gold and all our heroes are slightly tainted" because he thinks it is all part of Chicago's heart—and man's heart too:

"You'll know," he concludes, "it's the place built out of Man's ceaseless failure to overcome himself. Out of Man's endless war against himself we build our successes as well as our failures. Making it the city of all cities most like Man himself—loneliest creation of all this very old poor earth."

And making "City on the Make" a book to read.

To Save Face and Honor

GENTLEMEN, SWORDS AND PISTOLS. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: William Morrow & Co. 306 pp. $4.

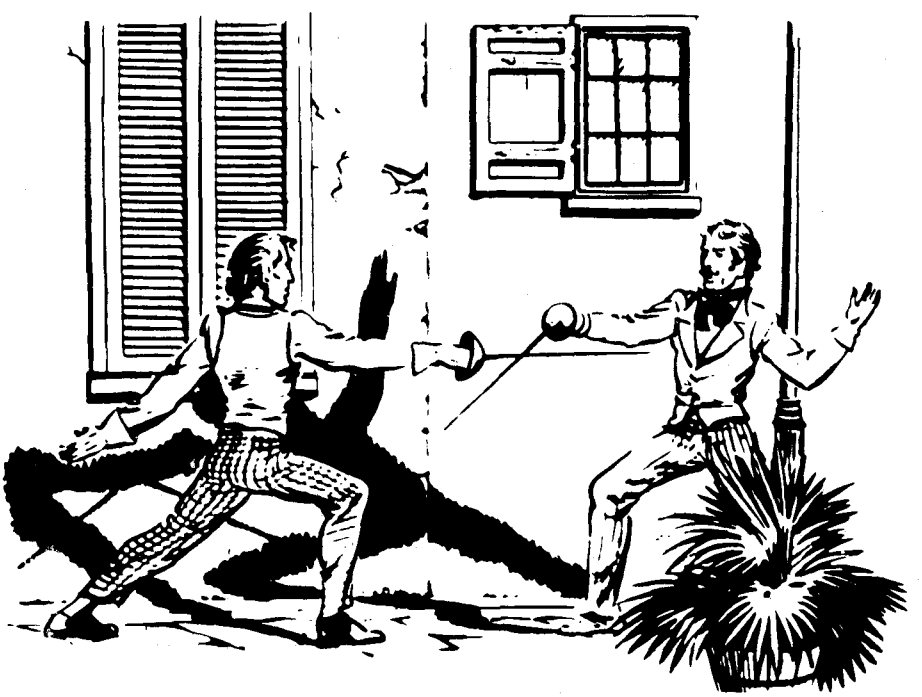
By Thomas D. Clark

IN 1849 the members of the Kentucky Constitutional Convention took to heart the prevailing criticism of the foolish practice of dueling in their state. Thirty-five years before a legislature had attempted to check the practice by making all public officials swear that they would neither carry nor accept a challenge of honor while they were in office. Since most Kentuckians aspired to office, the members of the Constitutional Convention thought they could stop dueling by requiring an oath of public servants against it. All over the South legislatures and public-spirited people had the same problem. Dueling was dying out in the rest of the world, but the South in the nineteenth century was still in an early stage of social adolescence and had to run the gamut of frivolity before it could be matured. Individuals who were gaining some wealth and seeking social status were unusually self-conscious about their honor. They were changing over from rugged, two-fisted frontiersmen to more cultivated men, and they were still in a stage of indecision as to whether they should assuage their tempers with fist and tooth in close body contact, or with pistols and swords at polite distances. What was more pertinent, these direct men were now learning the subtleties of dramatics. Southerners, then as now, admired a show of cool-headed courage and laid great store by principles either real or imagined. Gentlemen were indeed tender on the subject of their newly cultivated personal honor, and they were quick to defend it against both slights and forthright insults.

It is of this matter of fighting to save face and honor that Mr. Kane has written so entertainingly. He has selected representative duels from over the South to reveal the temper of Southern feelings and pride. Although he has written of these affairs in the vein of the nineteenth century he has, perhaps unconsciously, passed judgment on his subjects as each pair has swept out of the early morning mist to fire at each other from uncomfortably close range. It is indeed doubtful that many of the famous Southern duelists were entirely emotionally stable; certainly many of their antics under the oaks made them appear to have been thoroughly irrational. Not a single duel involved a principle which could not have been preserved by gumption, intelligence, and the courts. At the same time few of the duelists truly represented stable elements of Southern society, even though such men as Henry Clay, John Randolph of Roanoke, William H. Crawford, Cassius M. Clay, and Seargent S. Prentiss were principals.

Dueling was a carry-over from knighthood. In the South of the nineteenth century there was a romantic love of the spirit and form of life so pertinently manifested in the Scott novels. Mr. Kane's descriptions of individual duels has caught this dreamy-eyed romanticism. Perhaps in no duelist was the juvenile spirit of mock heroics more highly developed than in the Kentuckian, Alexander McClung. McClung, nephew of Chief Justice John Marshall, was in one fight after another; in fact, he made a career of his honor. Reaching the end of a misspent life he ordered a carpenter to make a "V" shaped chair back for him; seating himself in a position that his prone head would be caught in the crotch of the back, he pinned a Shellian "Ode to Death" to his shirt front

(*Continued on page* 48)



—Drawing by Ralph Ray, from "Gentlemen, Swords and Pistols."

Thomas D. Clark, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, is the author of "Pills, Petticoats, and Plows" and "The Kentucky."

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Fiction. *When F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" was published in the depression-disillusioned spring of 1934,* SRL*'s editor Henry Seidel Canby hailed it as "interesting and in the opening chapters of the novel brilliant." It was so good that he wished it were better, noting that the author kept "shifting his stance" and "constantly changing his focus." It appears that Fitzgerald himself was dissatisfied with the book in its published form and on his death left a copy revised and, so he thought, improved. Now, seventeen years later, Scribner's has issued the revision, together with an illuminating introduction by Malcolm Cowley. Fitzgerald's biographer, Arthur Mizener, reviews it below. . . . This has been only a fair season for short stories, with few books to provide excitement. The Burnetts' collection of new writers, "Sextet," and A. L. Barker's "Novelette" add interest if not luster.*

An Author's Final Version

TENDER IS THE NIGHT. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. With the Author's Final Revisions. Preface by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 356 *pp.* $3.50.

By Arthur Mizener

IN 1945 a portion of the great Fitzgerald collection now in the Princeton Library was placed on deposit there. It included an interesting copy of "Tender Is the Night." Fitzgerald habitually revised his books after they were printed, sometimes—as he did in his copy of "Gatsby"—even noting in the margins the names of reviewers who had praised particular passages. The only novel he did not so revise completely was "Tender Is the Night"; in his copy of that book the corrections cease abruptly near the end of Chapter Two. But he did make one drastic revision. He tore out—literally—pages 151-212 and moved them to the beginning of the book. By this change he made the chronological beginning of the story the book's beginning and told us all about Dick's marriage to Nicole before he showed us the Divers through the innocent and shrewd eyes of Rosemary Hoyt. On the inside of the front cover of this revised copy he wrote: "This is the *final version* of the book as I would like it."

There is much to be said for this rearrangement, and in the argument that went on about it in Princeton that summer of 1945 this reviewer was a convinced revisionist. Perhaps the excitement of discovery had something to do with that; anyway, reading the book over again in this new form, I am not so sure now. What is gained is admirably stated by Malcolm Cowley's preface; the revision puts the story in chronological order and prevents the confusion, widespread among early reviewers, over whether Rosemary or Dick is the center of the book's interest. "The *true* beginning," as Fitzgerald put it in a letter "is [no longer] tucked away in the middle of the book." The story now runs clear and straight from the beginning of Dick's "moment" to the bitter end. We lose, to be sure, what Mr. Cowley calls "a mystery-story element." "But the mystery story ends when Rosemary discovers—on page 148 of the first edition—what Violet McKisco had seen in the bathroom of the Villa Diana" anyhow.

But is that all we lose? Would we lose nothing but the narrative suspense in "Gatsby" if we knew all about James Gatz from the start, if "the true beginning" were not, as it is, "tucked away in the middle of the book"? According to Fitzgerald's "General Plan" for "Tender Is the Night," its hero was to be an idealist caught up in the leisure class "at their truly most brilliant and glamorous such as Murphys"; and he was to give in to and be destroyed by their "ideas." The relations in Fitzgerald's understanding between the brilliance and glamour of the leisure class and the destructive sterility of their imagination was complicated and dramatic. It is important to those relations that we feel deeply the full beauty of the Divers' life before we are shown what makes the lily fester. Fitzgerald might have said with his favorite poet, Keats, that true melancholy is "seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue/ Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine," that it dwells, not with the ignorance of Lethe, but with beauty "and aching Pleasure nigh,/ Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips."

I suspect the reason Fitzgerald made this revision is indicated by his remark to Max Perkins that, if it were made, "the improvement in *appeal* would be enormous." (The italics are mine.) Fitzgerald was a professional writer; he took esteem seriously, as is shown by his giving up the title "Doctor Diver's Holiday" for this novel because he thought "Doctor" would depress readers and frighten them off. If, in constructing his novel according to the pattern of feelings it embodied, he had made the narrative line too difficult to disentangle—and the reviewers insisted he had—then he would have to go back to the pattern of the narrative for his structure. The "beginning" which this revised edition puts first is the "true" narrative beginning; but the "true beginning" of the vision of experience the novel embodies is in the first edition.

As Mr. Cowley says, "Fitzgerald could never have revised 'Tender' into the perfect novel that existed as an ideal in his mind." That ideal novel would have satisfied the demands of both the narrative and the vision. Meanwhile we as readers have to choose between real possibilities. It is therefore greatly to Scribner's credit that they have made this revised version available to us. It is even more to their credit that they got Mr. Cowley to do this brilliant and careful editorial job. He has made an almost ideal text (perhaps only writers and publishers know how rare such texts are); he has provided a set of fascinating notes and two fine examples of suppressed scenes from the original manuscript; and he has written a modest but completely informed preface. These things alone make this a rarity among editions of novels—any novels, saying nothing of great novels.

Arthur Mizener, professor of English at Cornell University, is the author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

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Promising New Voices

SEXTET: Six Story Discoveries. Edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett. New York: David McKay Company. A Story Press Book. 246 *pp.* $3.

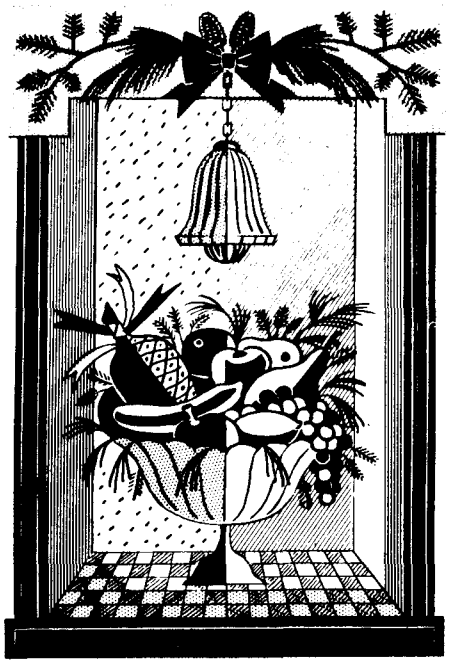
By Edward J. Fitzgerald

WHEN, some two years ago, *Story Magazine* suspended publication, an important outlet for the voices of new writers was temporarily closed. Happily Whit and Hallie Burnett maintained their interest and have resumed publication. In the interim they assembled a number of stories which they would have published had the magazine been going. Here are six of them—"novellas" to use the editor's word, which is an elastic one covering, here, three long short stories, two short novels, and one narrative modeled after an Indian "captivity" tale.

As an over-all judgment: these "discoveries" will not, I fear, persuade any editor that he has somehow been overlooking an important developed talent. On the other hand—as was true of most *Story* stories—each is a work with sufficient quality so that the alert editor and reader will be anxious to see what the author does when he really masters his medium, finds his stride.

The most accomplished story in the book is, to my mind, "Lilacs Out of the Dead Land," by Domhnall O'Conaill, though the editors expressed a preference for John Eichrodt's "Nadia Devereux." Both are extremely artful works, but the former seems to me a much more straightforward and less self-conscious story. Mr. O'Conaill is concerned with the love of a groping adolescent boy for a slightly older and more experienced girl. He unfolds his simple tale with a delicate attention to detail that is hauntingly evocative and deeply moving. Only in the melodramatic close does he shatter the mood and betray the hand of the writer. That apart, his tale has the same tender, musical quality that distinguished the early Joyce in "Dubliners." I thought particularly of Joyce's "Araby."

In "Nadia Devereux" John Eichrodt essays the difficult task of rewriting Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice." His story is of a woman, world famous as a legal authority, who discovers her homosexual interest in a much younger girl, and is led by that discovery to a re-examination of her views on the world disorder. The story suffers from the too careful attention the author has devoted to following exactly the form used by Mann in developing his fable, and from too precise an explication of the symbolical intentions. This was the author's intention, but the result is a highly interesting technical exercise which serves the author's purposes but lacks story vitality or conviction for the reader.



Of the others: Tom Bair's "The Falcon's Nest" demonstrates again that the African scent, which has beguiled so many of our younger writers, can call forth prose of extraordinary visual power but is likely also to produce very foggy symbolism. In "The Jesus Complex" Charles Mohler tackles the theme of racial prejudice in a manner which indicates he is still exploring his own attitude thereto rather than presenting a story with thematic purpose. "The Rod of God," by Gilbert Rees, is not a story at all in the conventional sense. It is a simple, poetically rendered narrative which reconstructs the form and manner of the early New England "captivities," factual narratives of colonials captured by and rescued from the Indians in the early days of America's settlement. "Life's Old Sweet Dream" introduces an author, George Moffett, who has perhaps the greatest commercial possibilities but who has, strangely, in this collection showed least skill with technical problems. His story of a tragic triangle situation has awkward shifts of mood, point of view, and time. But good characterization and a firm if simple story line rescue him.

In sum, this is an interesting volume which as a whole will prove less than rewarding for readers who are looking for finished accomplishment. Its interest lies rather in its foreshadowing of more considerable accomplishments from these writers.

Counsel of Despair

WE FISHED ALL NIGHT. By Willard Motley. New York: Appleton-Century Crofts. 560 *pp.* $3.75.

By James Gray

IN "We Fished All Night" Willard Motley offers familiar counsel of despair. We live in a society that sends men to war and destroys their spirits. We have allowed ourselves to become victims—we, the "little people"—of a system that encourages ruthlessness in exploiters of democracy. We do nothing to correct the grotesque faults of an economy that squanders assets and hoards liabilities.

These attitudes are set forth in a very long novel which one respects for its earnestness and conscientiousness but which nonetheless seems to fail through its inability to reach the mind or the heart. Every prophet in the wilderness must be inspired by the belief that there is a way out of bewilderment and wickedness; otherwise he could not go through the arduous process of setting himself up as leader. But Mr. Motley is unable in this book to light any spark of confidence. He appears to be suffering from the Cotton Mather complex, an obsession with one's own sadistic eloquence. Sinners, be damned! he seems to say.

Three case histories are offered to support his deeply and honestly pessimistic view of human affairs. There is, first, that of Aaron, a psychoneurotic poet whom we see disintegrating gradually into the condition to which he was foredoomed by the peculiar circumstances of birth and rearing. The second shows us a flamboyant young exhibitionist, Don Lockwood, flickering wanly in the myopic public eye. The boy is a fourth-rate amateur actor who loses a leg in Army service and then, as Mr. Veteran, allows himself to be run for office by a cynical "power" in the world of politics. The third concerns Jim Norris, a vigorous and intelligent union worker who becomes painfully corrupted in his private life

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 923)

ANTHONY TROLLOPE:
ORLEY FARM

The name, Orley Farm, might lead to the idea that new precepts were to be given in the pleasant guise of a novel as to cream cheeses, pigs with small bones, wheat sown in drills. . . . Agriculturalists will gain nothing from my performance.

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by Army experiences which have led him to kill one child and to exploit another sexually.

Of these three only Jim is a significant, or even an interesting, victim of contemporary conditions. The tragedy of the first boy is too special to constitute an indictment of society; that of the second is too trivial to enlist sympathy or to invite indignation. In an effort to persuade his reader that a meaningful case has been made Mr. Motley piles together, into an oppressive heap, scores of factual details about strikes, machine politics, deals with legislators, and compromises with conscience made by court officials. But at best all this is merely reported; at worst it becomes material for flat editorializing. Mr. Motley has forgotten that one instance properly dramatized is worth a thousand expounded sonorously from the pulpit. He would have done better to have explored into its deep recesses the story of Jim's reversion to a perverse and appalling infantilism. Instead, Don Lockwood's flashy and quite unbelievable pilgrimage toward power is allowed to dominate, and so to destroy, the narrative.

Willard Motley's second novel is much less effective than was his first, "Knock on Any Door." Passion seems to have been replaced by a kind of dogged thoroughness which serves only to blunt the author's purpose. "We Fished All Night" should have been a latter-day "Germinal." But Zola, despite all his own limitations, was much more the master of the scene, much more the intuitive student of the human heart than his disciple has yet learned to be.

James Gray, playwright and author, is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

—*Phil Harrington.*

Willard Motley—"dogged thoroughness."

Problems in Human Relations

NOVELETTE: With Other Stories. By A. L. Barker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

By William Peden

MISS BARKER'S "Novelette" centers around a conventional literary situation involving an unsatisfied wife, her ineffectual husband, and the outsider destined to become the wife's lover. Luise Mallory is a plain, essentially good Englishwoman of the Esther Waters tradition; in a world of the Strauss waltzes for which she yearns, she would be more at home polishing the floor than dancing upon it. Edward, her husband, is a well-intentioned nonentity who has bumbled through the bedroom of many books. When awkward William Felice, wounded at Dunkirk, is sent to convalesce with the Mallorys, the domestic drama unfolds. Miss Barker's intelligent depiction of the following relationships makes significant an otherwise commonplace story. Though seldom profound, Miss Barker is always appreciative, and she has created some painfully convincing scenes, such as that of Luise and William at a roadhouse, which momentarily dignify, even ennoble, the essentially ordinary relationship of her protagonists.

If "Novelette" is not without its echoes of D. H. Lawrence, "Romney," her other long piece, evokes a curious atmosphere compounded of Henry James, Walter De la Mare, and Daphne du Maurier. A young tutor is employed by a family haunted by the memory of the darling of the clan, Romney, dead by violence a year past. Master Harry, the ignored younger son, believes that he murdered Romney, who, it develops, was pretty much of a bounder, a narcissist, and a sadist to boot. Here Joe, the tutor, steps in, and we have all the ingredients of a first-class thriller in the tradition of "Rebecca" or a serious psychological study like "The Turn of the Screw." "Romney," unfortunately, is neither the one type nor the other. Master Harry, particularly, is quite unbelievable; most of the other characters are psychologically unconvincing; and the plot is rambling and episodic.

Miss Barker's shorter pieces are more satisfying than her two novellas. Several of her stories, satires of circumstance, are very good indeed. "The Freak" is a convincing and sympathetic portrayal of a young woman who loses her self-confidence because of the chance remark of an older relation. "The Villain as a Young Boy" depicts a terrifying and completely believable gamin, a lost boy who might have stepped from the pages of "Oliver Twist." "Pringle," one of the best stories in the collection, shows us an amiable man victimized by misunderstanding, prejudice, and fear. In such stories Miss Barker writes memorably about what Elizabeth Bowen has so aptly termed the problem of human *unknowableness.*

—*Mary Marney.*

A. L. Barker—"always appreciative."

The author's weakest efforts owe much of their failure to Miss Barker's unsuccessful attempt to blend realism and fantasy: "Domini" is a case in point. A rejected child, tormented by her widowed mother's immodest behavior, is urged by a companion, Domini, to destroy the mother's lavish clothes, which have begun to symbolize to the children the mother's "fastness" (Miss Bowen has used the same image more effectively in "Making Arrangements"). The effect of the story is weakened when the daughter burns to death her mother and the mother's lover in an ensuing conflagration; it is completely vitiated when we are finally told that Domini isn't a child at all but is a projection of the daughter's consciousness.

Fiction Notes

A FATHER IN THE FAMILY. By Louis Paul. Crown. $3. This is the year 1899 and the scene is lower New York. Maude Adams is appearing in "The Little Minister," eggs bring the fabulous amount of twenty-six cents a dozen, automobiles are admittedly here to stay, and Teddy Roosevelt vies with Admiral Dewey as top national

(*Continued on page* 44)

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
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Fiction Rides the Toboggan

THAT American fiction is at present in the doldrums is borne out anew by the announcement that Harper's $10,000 Prize Novel Contest, the largest prize in American publishing, is for the first time since it was initiated not to be awarded this year. Of the more than 600 entries none was regarded by the judges as worthy of selection and of them all only two were deemed by the publishers to merit acceptance for publication.

The decline in the prestige of the novel has been manifest for some time to the observers of the literary scene, who have been both troubled and perplexed by the obvious lack of distinction of most of the fiction which has recently been produced. At a time when the world is electric with excitement, and when human conduct and human relationships are of overweening importance, the novel, mirror of life and society, has increasingly lost power and influence. There is, to be sure, plenty of realism in its portrayal, an outspokeness on subjects of sex and behavior which a half century ago would have shocked even the most broad-minded, earnestness, too, and occasionally zeal; but its criticism of life and reflection of the pageant of living is lacking in both eloquence and strength. With few exceptions the Second World War and the postwar period have produced little work of striking character, nothing commensurate in energy and emotional impact with that fiction of the Twenties which impregnated the era succeeding the First World War with new insights and points of view. Fiction today is dismal when then it was incandescent; it is disillusioned without the compensating crusading ardor which the earlier period knew, and, as a result, it all too often wears the aspect of defeatism.

Just what it is that accounts for the sterility of current fiction it is hard to say. During both world wars the novel fell upon evil days—understandable then on the ground of the almost impossible burden put upon the creative writer at a time when the realities around him transcended both in drama and significance anything that his imagination could conjure forth. When a world was in agony the joys and sufferings of the individual—indeed, the very existence of the individual—became of minor importance; that held true in actual life and became doubly true in fiction. The immense emotion of war engulfed those who were participants in it and those who stood on the sidelines. But once the conflict was over in 1918 and the world restored to the prospect of peace the inarticulate took voice and a torrent of writing gushed forth. It was the novel that was the vehicle of the commentary upon American life which came with a vehemence born of cherished illusions and betrayed hopes. There had been time for thought, as well as dreams, in the long years of battle, and "the sad young men," who furnished some of the most effective literature of the period, wrote with a passion—often a passion of indignation—that made them a motive power for change in the country. That they, too, like the novelists of today, frequently concentrated their attention too entirely on the cankers of society, and so depicted a world out of focus, was true, but out of their indignation flamed a crusading zeal, a determination to right the evils of which they were so persuaded, to build a better America than that which had shattered the image of it they had nursed in their hearts, which set a blaze in the land.

Earnestness, which was a distinguishing mark of the fiction of the Twenties, is not, to be sure, lacking in many of the novels of today, but it is earnestness bereft of hope, a despairing attitude of mind which sees life merely as an inextricable morass of passions and disillusionments, crass appetites, and callous responses. It is a dismal literature that the fiction writers of the present are producing, a jaundiced literature, indeed, for their world has no perspective, is warped into a pattern of manners which represents merely one aspect of life and far from the whole of it. Sex and sex perversions, the brutalities of the battlefield and the barracks, the crude and reckless craving for the titillation of the senses obsess many of the more serious novelists of the day. It is a narrow world they mirror, an intensely ingrown and chaotic one, often an exhibitionist and sensational world. Pleasantness has passed out of their work. Small wonder that the reading public finds little solace for its own problems and dubieties in the novel.

THE mental attitude of the world, of course, has changed radically in the period of the two wars. After the first for a few years at least society rejoiced in the hope of an extended era of peace; after the second it turned to fears of a holocaust more terrible than any that had gone before. To the young born in the aftermath of one conflict to become victims of a second life held nothing but confusion, suffering, and the prospect of more suffering. Yet, despite fears and anxieties, life on the whole, even for them, has flowed on with a fair amount of steadiness. Whatever the future may hold, the present is compact of small duties and binding family responsibilities, of a daily routine of work and a round of life which observes the amenities and rejoices in the normal relationships of society.

Terrible as is the suspense, and overwhelming as are the problems which overshadow every life, for the individual a routine of work and pleasure makes up the sum total of his days. It is his failure to reflect this fact, his preoccupation with the exaggerations of emotion and behavior, which lends impotence to the work of the present-day fiction writer. To see life steadily and to see it whole is still the business of the novelist. It is only when he so looks upon existence, when he recognizes not only the appalling failures and calamities of civilization, but the amazing endurance and courage of mankind, that he produces a literature which is a true commentary upon life, and so a stimulating influence on his world.

—A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

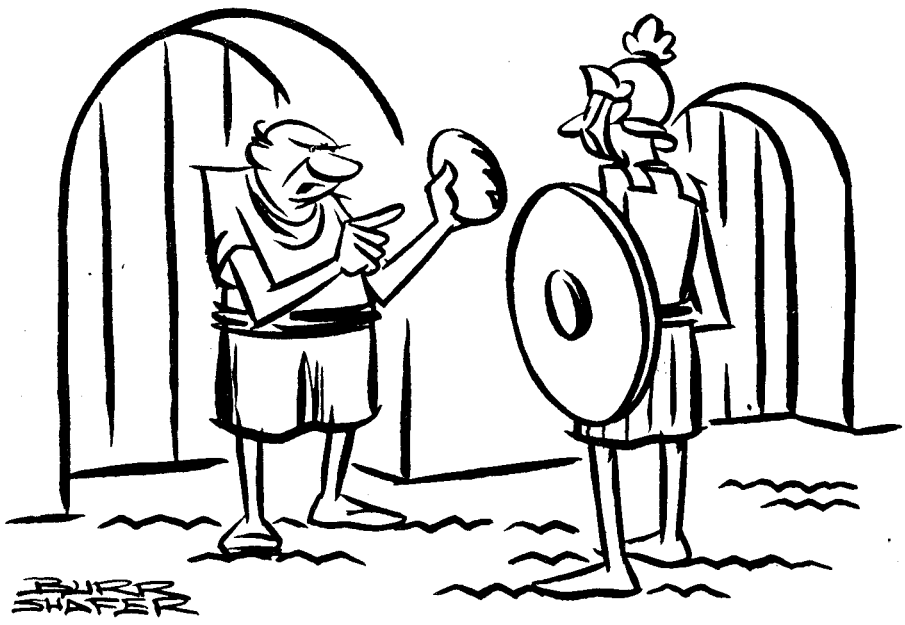
"How to Kill a Book"

SIR: I read with the greatest of interest your editorial "How to Kill a Book" [*SRL* Nov. 24]. It is a fine job. You have put your finger directly on the really tragic aspect of this whole messy situation—the fact that it has been necessary to seek the help of the Federal Government in settling an intramural problem. The editorial has described admirably a situation which has resulted from a lack of direction and either the non-existence of or unwillingness to accept leadership.

The problem to which the editorial first points—New York provincialism and the disregard of the book-reading communities of the rest of the nation (with a few notable exceptions)—is the product not of wilful ignorance on the part of the publisher, but of the penny-pinching which has been necessitated by a lack of industrial planning. The New York book market having been developed to its high point, the publisher feels bound to spend the few dollars that he has available where it will produce the quickest return. He allows nothing for the development of the newer markets to a point where they can equal the sales potential of New York, Chicago, and a few other cities. Hence the drying up of markets which with proper nourishment could increase book sales substantially.

The charge of "book dumping" that you make has been earned by the industry, and the practice will continue until publishers are willing to accept the need for planning and scheduling. I have just returned from a trip to the West Coast, where I saw some 175 booksellers. Every last one of them begged for fewer and better books—with release dates more evenly spaced. Every publisher tries to publish better books, and he often succeeds. The lists this year are splendid. Perhaps if he published fewer they would get still better.

You and the "Indiana booksellers" have set forth the following problems, the solutions to which lie within the industry: (1) It is perfectly possible for book clubs and bookstores to operate within the same markets on a fair competitive basis so that one will complement the other. All that is needed is equality of terms. (2) With just a little regulation in timing, the paper-bound book can continue to play its role without cutting into the heart of the hard-bound-book business and of the rental library. (3) As you point out, television can be discounted as a basic problem. All of the surveys which have been made have proved that television is having little or no effect on book sales. (4) The current high production costs are no different for books than for every other item manufactured today. Books just must be priced accordingly. All of these difficulties and others now facing the book industry can be licked if there is demonstrated some willingness on the part of the various branches of the trade to fit a few of the more dangerous practices into a pattern that will be less disastrous to the industry.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"They canceled three acts at the circus today, and now the bread is moldy!"

Over-all industrial planning will call for: (1) The elimination of the cross-competitive practices by which each segment of the industry—publisher, retailer, and wholesaler—is competing directly with the other. (2) The discontinuance of wasteful practices so that each branch of the trade may be able to obtain a sufficient return to cover expenses and make a legitimate profit. (3) The development of an adequately financed public-relations program. (4) A major revision in the distributive set-up of the trade so that the book may flow more economically from the manufacturer to the bookstore. (5) A number of other perhaps radical, but perfectly feasible, changes in the current standard operating procedures of the book business.

You have performed a very considerable service in publishing this editorial. It may be that it will spark the finding of some solutions. As a matter of fact, I don't think that the solutions will be as hard to find as will be the development of the willingness to accept them.

GILBERT E. GOODKIND,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers Association.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I think N. C. missed the point in his "How to Kill a Book" editorial. It makes little difference whether a book is priced at one dollar or five dollars if Americans, by and large, do not want to buy hard-cover books at any price. Given a genuine demand for books commensurate with the population of this country, all the difficulties enumerated in your editorial would shrink to minor proportions. Americans dig into their pockets to buy automobiles and television sets. Why not books? That's quite a question; publishers and booksellers ought to look for an answer.

WILLIAM P. MERRICK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Correction

SIR: In my review of "The Artist in Each of Us" [*SRL* Nov. 10]. I inadvertently attributed this excellent book to "Florence Crane." This was a slip of the pen, of course, for Florence Cane, well known educator and artist. The value of the book and my great admiration for it makes me feel doubly sorry about this inadvertence. I beg Mrs. Cane's, and my readers', indulgence.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

Wallingford, Pa.

Free from Partisan Piety

SIR: "The Unrecognized Power," by Alan Paton [*SRL* Nov. 24], is superb both in its analysis of our sources of discontent, individually and nationally, and the remedy. Not being a parson or a professional theologian, Mr. Paton's utterances are free from that partisan piety that so often characterizes religious utterances. We are too much preoccupied with putting God into our categories of thought, a process about as naive and futile as trying to put the ocean into a hole in the sand. Paton seems to have that reverence for truth and life that leads almost anyone inevitably to the conclusion that we are here, as Emerson said, to be worked upon.

REV. JOHN G. CLARK.

Pulaski, Va.

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Strange Lands.

Close observers of the English scene tell us that one of the chief reasons for the extraordinary popularity there of Thor Heyerdahl's "Kon-Tiki" [SRL *Sept. 23, 1950*] *is the restrictions imposed by the British Government on travel abroad; apparently our cousins are experiencing vicariously through books the thrills of adventure and the pleasures of exotic sights denied them in real life. But we Americans seem to be proving that the converse can be true, too. We are enjoying the delights of travel as never before in our history, yet our appetite for books about it is at an all-time peak. "Kon-Tiki" topped our best-seller lists for months; Alice Newton Keith's book about her Borneo adventures, "White Man Returns"* [*Aug. 25, 1951*], *is still riding high after many weeks; and William O. Douglas's "Strange Lands and Friendly People"* [*Nov. 10*] *is climbing fast. Below we review other books to gratify the adventurer-traveler, airborne or chairborne.*

Rich Religious Experience

BEYOND THE WINDY PLACE. By Maud Oakes. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 338 *pp.* $3.50.

THE TWO CROSSES OF TODOS SANTOS. By Maud Oakes. New York: Pantheon Books. 274 *pp.* $5.

By Sol Tax

BEFORE THE railroad the principal mule trains between Mexico and Guatemala passed through the village of Todos Santos, high in the Cuchumatanes mountains of Northwest Guatemala. The village was host to many travelers, some of them distinguished foreigners like Thomas Gage (1630) and John L. Stephens (1840) who left accounts of their brief passage. The visitor today still comes to Todos Santos on a mule, unless he is an Indian who walks; but travelers are few because with the coming of the railroad traffic has moved south, while the Pan American highway through this region is still in the making. As the traveler drops into the white town from over the last mountain he has the feeling of discovery. Even among the Guatemalan Indians, the *Todosanteros* with their red and white striped "Uncle Sam" trousers are colorful; they are among those (confined to a small section of Guatemala) who still live in significant part by the eighteen-month calendar and the twenty named days endlessly repeating themselves out of which the ancient Mayas confected their ritual cycles. Oliver LaFarge, Charles Wagley, and Morris Siegel are among ethnologists recently attracted to the region (but other towns) to study the religion. Since Guatemalan highland villages are surprisingly different one from another, Todos Santos was still unstudied when on November 20, 1945, Maude Oakes moved into a rented house and settled herself for seventeen months, with but a few trips "out."

"Beyond the Windy Place" reports what happened to her in Todos Santos; "The Two Crosses" tells what she learned about the town. The first is a chronological account; the second is topical. Each book is complete in itself and makes enjoyable reading. Because the overlap is great (including many pages that are identical) it is well not to read the two consecutively.

What happened to Miss Oakes is that she underwent a rich religious experience. Indeed, one may say that she went there with this intention, like an Indian embarking on a four-day fast and vigil. Although her stated purpose, to record the religious practices and the ancient customs, sounds mundane, she began by bringing candles into the church to burn "to the gods of the mountains and pray that I may be allowed to live and work here." At this time she naively believed that Todos Santos was untouched by Christianity. She wanted to study "the soul of all mankind" through studying the religions, and she hoped "to find here in this remote village religious customs that still exist from the Mayans." She found even more. After a year,

> I realized that something had been slowly happening to me. Having divorced myself from family and friends to live among primitive people, in a strange country, far from the civilization I knew, I lived at first as if I were in a sort of vacuum. Slowly I had begun to feel and think as the Indian did. I was becoming part of a whole—part of nature. I felt strongly that I was in Todos Santos for a purpose, and that I was in the hands of the gods—just the way the Indian felt. I knew that I was never unprotected and alone—I belonged. This gave me an inner relaxation and complete faith . . .

During an epidemic that tried both her medical skill and her reputation (some thought her a sorceress) she prayed to God ("or whatever you are called") and felt a tingling in her hands and "a great force" enter her body. And, as she finally rode away from Todos Santos, it seemed to her that for the first time in her life she had experienced peace.

Meanwhile, what did Miss Oakes learn about Todos Santos? "Two Crosses" is a very beautiful book, luxuriously printed and illustrated, and tastefully written. But for a monograph in a scholarly series, there is a great deal of white space; as I first read the book I wondered what had happened to the seventeen months in Todos Santos. The book is almost exclusively source material, and yet by quick count only 70,000 words. The reason is that Miss Oakes's "method" was caution carried to its ultimate. Every ethnographer knows that if he goes after information quickly and efficiently the people become distrustful, and he is unable to learn what he wishes. The opposite extreme is to spend all of one's time winning confidence and none of it collecting information. Since Miss Oakes's interest was in religions and ceremonial life, which are often supposed to be more delicate subjects than (say) the economy or family organization, she leaned far in the second direction. Unfortunately, Miss Oakes appears to have been handicapped also by a lack of problem. Mostly she wanted to make some "new discovery." Archeologists who aim at new objects whose importance is measured by their scarcity and novelty are called pot-hunters. Miss Oakes is a sensitive, intelligent, and observant ethnological pot-hunter, "elated" over information which "had never been recorded and must be very valuable." Nowhere in the two books are data put into either historical or theoretical context. Miss Oakes evidently came to Todos Santos uncluttered by concepts or historical problems, hence without genuine questions. Her work is better read as a personal document, therefore, than as a contribution to anthropological knowledge.

Sol Tax is professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago.

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From Morocco to Afghanistan

CARAVAN: The Story of the Middle East. By Carleton S. Coon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 376 pp. $5.

By WILLIAM THOMSON

THE PURPOSE of his book, Professor Coon tells us in the last chapter, is to try "to provide a background of geographical and cultural information" so that Americans interested in the Middle East may understand it. A page later he declares that "we cannot understand the economics, the family structure, the religious practices, or the government of a people unless we know the outline of its entire cultural story, on the dimensions of space and time." The book, therefore, is in conception and scope a four dimensional picture of the Middle East and its inhabitants throughout the ages, from bronze to oil, composed by selecting from all the data, geographical, archeological, anthropological, sociological, historical, and religious, now at the disposal of a scholar, those facts that are essential for the comprehension of the Middle East, inasmuch as they have always been permanent elements in its life and culture, or have become so through the vicissitudes of history.

The Middle East of Professor Coon's story is that stretch of predominantly Muslim countries reaching from Morocco to Afghanistan, which houses a civilization of its own, the Islamic, "not only intermediate between those of East and West, but in many essentials ancestral to both," and the various people each of which consist of a mosaic of races "organized into a complicated social system based on an ethnic division of labor." The story itself begins with a geographical description of the whole stretch of territory from Mogador to Kabul, since "to understand the civilization of a people, one must begin with the geography of the land they inhabit," and then proceeds to deal with the histories and cultures of the many races, ancient and modern, which have contributed blood, butter, or belief to that civilization.

Professor Coon's story is set not to the lumbering gait of a desert caravan, but rather is tuned to the scampering pace of a tumultuous movie cavalcade. Yet so skilfully in general does he order the multifarious masses of detail, geographical and cultural, of which he treats, and tie them together at the propitious moment with some clarifying statement of principle, or concise generalization, that even he who runs may read with profit, while he who stops to ponder is appropriately rewarded. The salient characteristic of the book, however, is neither the knowledge nor the craftsmanship displayed in it, but the forthright common sense and wisdom which inspire the exposition and keep it reasonable and very human.

After a compact and admirably concise chapter on geography Professor Coon devotes the bulk of his book to the story of the faces that have entered into the mosaic, or mosaics, of peoples that make up the nations of the Middle East, peoples ancient and marginal such as the Sumerians, and peoples central and modern such as the Semites, Iranians and Turks, Mongols, Berbers, Kurds, and others. Whether nomad of the desert, steppe, or mountain, villager or city-dweller, camel-folk, horse-folk, or sheep-folk, farmer, artisan, or merchant, soldier, lawyer, official, priest, or king, their modes of life, their manners and customs, their beliefs and practices and prevailing sentiments are thrown against the screen of their proper environment and made real to the reader through a mass of detail, facts archeological, sociological, economic, and historical admirably organized and vividly presented.

Every one of the peoples mentioned contributed more or less to the blood and butter of Middle Eastern civilization, the Sumerians, for example, inventing, or perfecting, the rotating shaft some thousands of years B.C.; but its belief, if not its theology, was the peculiar gift of a Semitic people, the Arabs, Mediterraneans, says Dr. Coon, along with the Eastern Jews, whether they like it or not. Three chapters describe the origin and development of that belief, and curiously enough in them occur most of Professor Coon's occasional flippancies and infrequent errors of fact.

But such flippancies and errors are rare and serve perhaps as contrast to the true virtue of the book, the command and honest appraisal of such a mass of variegated data as it reveals, an irreplaceable volume for anyone who wishes to see the Middle East as it is and scan the ways it traveled thither, not the romantic Middle East of popular fiction, nor the crazy quilt of journalistic improvisations, but a flesh and blood social organism on the march somewhere.

—*Photos from the book.*

A Riffian. Yemenites, Moroccans, and the author—"mass of variegated data."

William Thomson is professor of Arabic at Harvard University.

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Claims to Polar Discovery

RETURN FROM THE POLE. By Frederick A. Cook. Edited with an Introduction by Frederick J. Pohl. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 355 pp. $4.50.

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WHEN Dr. Frederick A. Cook arrived at Copenhagen in 1909 announcing that he had discovered the North Pole there was at first little disposition to question his assertion. But soon his accuracy was questioned, then his veracity. Within a year the expression "another Dr. Cook" was as readily and widely understood as "another Quisling" was later, or "another McCarthy." Forty-two years after, in muted and echo form, appears this book which says on its jacket that it is a "new chapter in the Cook-Peary controversy"; for there was much to dispute about, and the facts behind the issues were nearly as elusive as if they had been religious, thus the awakeners of the strongest of loyalties and passions.

In the first decade of our century wars seemed a thing of the past; and it looked as if the greatest physical thing still to do was to reach the North Pole. Many expeditions from many nations had been trying through more than four centuries, including several that were American; the hopes of our nation were centered in 1907 on Commander Robert E. Peary of the U. S. Navy, who had made seven Northern expeditions, had tried desperately for the Pole on two of them, 1902 and 1906, and who was outfitting his eighth voyage to sail by midsummer. But he was delayed by labor and other troubles. Then, in what is called a surprise move if done by our side and a sneak move if done by the opposition, Dr. Cook, a surgeon of Peary's on a former expedition, slipped quietly out of port on a friend's yacht. When too late in the season for Peary to sail, it became known that Cook had been landed in Peary's customary wintering region, Smith Sound, northwestern Greenland. It was then surmised that he would return next year with a story of having reached the North Pole, some basing that opinion on a rumor

Frederick A. Cook—"much to dispute."

from Alaska that he had faked an ascent of Mount McKinley. The whisperers asked whether a man who would fake a mountain climb, among tens of thousands of watchful whites in Alaska, would not likely fake a polar dash in the Arctic, when the only people around were Eskimos. Peary told this reviewer, the autumn of 1907, that he considered the Alaska gossip malicious, that he liked and trusted Cook, and that in any case nobody, literally nobody, could fake the attainment of the North Pole.

This book, "Return from the Pole," which claims not to be fiction, starts its narrative with Cook already at the North Pole; so the first question will have to be whether there is reason to believe he ever got there. This will have to be answered on the basis of a previous book which tells how he allegedly got there, Cook's 1911 volume, "My Attainment of the Pole." If that book was fiction, insofar as the attainment of the Pole is concerned, then the current one is fiction too.

Peary's story of his attainment of the Pole, eventually told in his "The North Pole" of 1910, was at first widely doubted, was gradually more and more successful in winning adherents, and was finally accepted by nearly everybody. His account sounded the more adequate the more it was studied. Besides, Peary's character was never seriously questioned, and his men supported him on the main points, though differing with Peary and with each other on details, as honest witnesses usually do.

Cook's story varied from Peary's in matters that count. The gist of it was that he and two Eskimos, all of them inexperienced in travel over the moving pack of the Arctic Sea, had made, without benefit of a relay system and without finding game, a distance of about 1,200 miles, nearly 400 miles more than Peary made by the skin of his teeth on the Cape Columbia round trip. This tale contrasts with Peary's in that the more you study it, the less able you are to believe it.

It was on such considerations, and on many more of a like sort, that the North Pole attainment section of Cook's book of 1911 was written down in most minds as fiction of the Robinson Crusoe type, its facts, local color, and theorizing borrowed from other men's published works or from his own experience elsewhere. Discredited, Cook faded from the exploration picture, reappeared in oil land promotion, went to prison in 1923 for using the mails to defraud, and was paroled in 1930.

That pathetic sequence brings us to this pathetic book, which began in the year of parole. For the editor tells us that "Dr. Cook wrote 'Return from the Pole' in longhand, beginning it in 1930 and completing it in 1935 when he was seventy years of age." He died in 1940.

The question arises whether "Return from the Pole" is less fictitious than Cook's 1911 book. It is not, so far as Cook's own part in it is concerned. As an attempted rehabilitation, it is pathetic; but its very pathos brings to mind the possibility that it may possibly be literature, like the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," which few read without having their judgment to an extent swayed by the feeling that through it a guilty man is fumbling for sympathy. And Cook, by most accounts, was easier to sympathize with, more likable, than Wilde.

The "Return" has been sympathetically edited by Frederick J. Pohl, who does his loyal best for Cook through a skilful if hopeless attack on Peary, as if discrediting the Admiral would somehow elevate the Doctor. But, like previous critics, Mr. Pohl finds nothing against Peary except certain contradictions between different passages in "The North Pole" and between that book and others; but these are only signs of that haste and confusion, in editing and proof reading, which resulted from the bedlam created by the Cook onslaught and from the hurry the publishers were in to get Peary's volume on the market while the furor was still near its height.

One of the merits of the present "Return" is its excellent bibliography, less slanted in Cook's favor than you would expect.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a member of a number of archeological and ethnological expeditions to the Arctic, is the author of "The Friendly Arctic," "Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic," and other books.

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Jungle Adventure

QUEST FOR THE LOST CITY. By Dana and Ginger Lamb. New York: Harper & Bros. 340 pp. $4.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE CAPACITY most essential to any book is its power to arouse the "and then—and then" reaction. First, as Mrs. Beeton would say, catch your reader—and then, keep him. This capacity for playing and landing the poor fish is the oldest and subtlest trick of the writing trade. Anyone who read Dana and Ginger Lamb's earlier "Enchanted Vagabonds," their account of a sixteen-thousand-mile trip from San Diego to Panama in a canoe of their own design and make, knows that this "and-then-ness" is a paramount quality of their kind of writing.

Their new tale, of a two-thousand-mile hike down the west coast of Mexico to a blank spot on the map, the Forbidden Land, where Chiapa points into Guatemala, has all the indications of a true classic of adventure. Here, in the vicinity of the Usmacinta River, some of the Maya leaders found their last home, and founded their last —and now lost—city. Which, after astonishing adventures, the Lambs found.

But their joy and their story were of their quest, not in their quarry; the Lost City, once found, they left once more alone. This is no archeological nor anthropological expedition's log although much in it is of value historically and humanly: it is the profoundly personal narrative of near-failure and of ultimate success.

A good saga should communicate on many levels: of intimacy, of information, of excitement. Never, since the "Swiss Family Robinson," has so much information about how to live in and with the jungle been imparted with such loving, intimate detail. How to unroll a tent and pitch it; how to light fires *sans* tinder; how to cut *bejucos* for water; how to cure venison for jerky; how to splice vines for a cable—never was there such a "how-to" travel book. We feel Ginger's ghastly toothache and wince while the native dentist pulls out four impacted wisdom teeth without anesthetic; we rejoice with Dana in his triumph over Kintun in staying longer under water; we frolic with both Lambs and their pet squirrel on the shores of the twelve jewelled Mayan paradisiacal lakes. But the minutiae of incident and personality—never more droll since Borrow's "Bible in Spain"—would not by themselves be enough.

For the test of a great adventure book is that the writer can communicate the disaster as well as the glory. This the Lambs do best of all. Their feast with El Gitano and his fellow-bandits, in their lair south of Mazatlán, when only Ginger's superb target-shooting saves the day; the terrifying trips across uncharted mountain ranges in Wheezle-britches, the impossible plane made from crashed spare parts (Curtis Robin fuselage, Stinson wings, Wright engine) which Dana flew himself and finally had to junk; the days upon days of groping through the total darkness of the caves that were the only, and unknown, way through the Barrier Cliffs rising fifteen hundred feet of sheer limestone between the Lambs and their lost city; and the last final storm which turned their lost city into a moated island from which they only escaped by cutting down a tree and making a canoe; all these are unforgettably set forth and shared.

Most memorable of all is the Lambs's meeting with the "people out of time," the pre-Columbian, Mayan Lacandons, from whom they learned the elaborate life of ritual and with whom they shared in pre-Christian worship. For the most important of the book's many lessons is that of courtesy; by it, time and again, the Lambs prevented bloodshed and saved their own and countless other lives. By their large intent of courtesy they were humanly safe among all primitive people.

Dana and Ginger Lamb—"intimate detail."

Anne Fremantle is the author of "Desert Calling" and "James and Joan."

Strange Lands Notes

WASA-WASA: A Tale of Trails and Treasure in the Far North. By Harry Macfie. Translated by F. H. Lyon. Norton. $3. Tales of adventure in faraway places may be like alcohol in that they are able to make a man, even without becoming any different from what he is, identify himself with what he is not. Here is adventure for the armchair.

Harry Macfie was born and raised in Sweden, although of Scottish descent. In 1897, seized with a passion for life in the American Northwest, he emigrated to Canada and apparently took up his residence in southwestern Ontario just north of the United States boundary, near the Lake of the Woods. Many years later he returned to Sweden and supported himself by lecturing and writing and, at his home in Lyckorna, by manufacturing Canadian-type canoes for the Swedes.

A Swedish newspaperman, Hans Westerlund, who bought one of Macfie's canoes asked him to gather his recollections of his life in Canada and Alaska, expecting that Macfie would simply talk and Westerlund would do the writing. By the time the two got together, some six months later, Macfie had written the whole book himself, and there was nothing for Westerlund to do but polish it up into good Swedish, removing the Americanisms.

"Wasa-wasa" is a translation of these memoirs. Here we have a series of pictures of the great Northwest as it seemed in the early years of the twentieth century when Harry Macfie and his inseparable friend, Sam Kilburn, dashed about it, trapping, hunting, and looking for gold.

Macfie's memory for mood and color is better than his recollection of details. He tells in a smooth, poetic prose of sunrises and sunsets, of summer, spring, and snow, and of occasional situations among the mining camps and bars and Indian lodges which would delight Hollywood, Robert W. Service, and Charles Wakefield Cadman. Yet of three almost incredible journeys which Macfie took he gives only very sketchy accounts. Of a trip from Circle City, Alaska, down the Yukon to its mouth and thence north to the Seward Peninsula he says: "Of the long voyage down to the sea there is not much to tell. We had over a thousand miles to go, but the current was strong, and through days of sunshine, as well as in rain and wind, our canoe sped toward its distant goal." Never a word on topography.

Perhaps the trouble is that Harry

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Seeing Things

R.L.S. AND "DR. JEKYLL": PART II

IT MUST be remembered, as many have pointed out, that the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" appeared years before Freud or Jung or Adler had explored the shadowy recesses of the mind, the dark realm of the subconscious, and the conflicting traits and impulses which (as everyone nowadays recognizes) torture men and women, not by neatly halving them in the Jekyll-Hyde fashion, but by subdividing them into endless overlapping claims. We have long since come to admit the plurality of man's nature, rather than its duality. Nonetheless, psychoanalysis cannot wither nor psychiatry stale the fascination and the horror of the expedition on which Stevenson leads us through the terrifying underworld of character.

Stevenson must have been aware of the plurality of his own nature. The man who in a first draft could write, "The world is so great and I am so small/I do not like it at all, at all," and then revise this to read, "The world is so full of a number of things/ I am sure we should all be as happy as kings," was certainly not a person to whom contradictions were unknown. The fact that such contradictions abounded in Stevenson enriched not only his writing but his personality.

Stevenson was an escaped or—and here was a source of torture—an almost-escaped Calvinist who had turned Bohemian. Although he had more than the average male's courage, he remained something of a boy-man until he died at the age of forty-four. He was a bookish fellow and an invalid who, in spite of being often forced to live as a prisoner in "the land of counterpane," loved the out-of-doors with an athlete's relish. He was a writer (and a fine one) who, had he been able to choose his endowments, might have been a man of action. Most of those privileged to meet him were captivated by him. But, delightful and ebullient as he was, his indignation could be blistering, as everyone must know who has ever been stirred by his rousing defense of Father Damien in that open letter he sent at the risk of a libel suit to a minister he thought villainous, a man whose name just happened to be Hyde.

If there was a considerable amount of the actor in Stevenson, there was even more of the preacher. In addition to being stagestruck, he remained as a grown-up a person who preferred to see the world in the violent terms of Skelt, that designer of toy theatres who had nourished his youthful dreams. Skeltery, however, could not blind Stevenson to the truth any more than the Ariel, Puck, and Antony aspects of his nature could keep him from being, in Henley's phrase, "Hamlet most of all." The serenity, the confidence, yes, even the innocence popularly associated with his name tend to obscure the inner disturbances of his spirit which were no less real.

Stevenson was far from being the uncomplicated person that "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Lay Morals," or his famous "Requiem" might lead one to believe. If he could as an adult invite his young readers with an infant's purity to "go up in a swing/Up in the air so blue," he could also force his contemporaries to look upon the head of the Medusa. That he was a good man, warm-hearted, generous, and even noble, no one could deny. But surely few men so good have ever shown so doting an affection for murder, violence, corpses, bloodshed, pain, and the black, intrusive mysteries of the night, or had a greater preoccupation with evil.

If I dwell on these inconsistencies in Stevenson the man, it is because I believe we have them to thank for his astonishing understanding of the duality of the good Dr. Jekyll whose other self took the form of Mr. Hyde. His long short story remains in a class by itself. It is a *tour de force* of amazing virtuosity. Whatever his deficiencies may have been in the sustained novel meant for adult consumption, Stevenson was as a prose artist one of the most adroit technicians ever to have employed the English language.

Critics have pointed out (making an exception, of course, of the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston" with its magnificent proofs of its author's having come fully into his own at last) that Stevenson as a novelist was, because of his poor health and quickly expended energies, a writer of brilliant beginnings. The "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is short enough to have left his creative powers unexhausted. It may suffer technically by having both Dr. Lanyon and Dr. Jekyll tell their stories in a style as impeccable as Stevenson's own. But the narrative is built and advanced with a marvelous awareness of every thrill and shudder its gruesome tale contains. It is melodrama, sulphurous and appalling, which by the sheer black magic of its telling is lifted into literature.

A test of any book's quality is the extent to which it can survive rereading. This is particularly true of thrillers which, as a rule, have suspense, and only suspense, as their ally. What happens is all we want to know. The manner of the telling is apt to be of scant interest and to offer no satisfactions of its own. In the instance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the telling is as exciting as the tale. I have read it uncountable times and never without having my hair stand "upon my head like quills," to borrow Stevenson's phrase. Instead of diminishing, my admiration has grown with each rereading.

Although it has its serious and frightening overtones which explain the percussive effect it creates even now, it is first and foremost a spine-twister meant to be gobbled up as such. The persons to be most envied

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are, of course, those coming to it for the first time. Nonetheless, the repeaters are not to be pitied. They, too, are lucky ones; that is, if they care about good writing, an interest which should be, though all too seldom is, one of the most compelling reasons for reading. I know I find an inexhaustible fascination in the way in which Stevenson succeeds in turning what could easily have been a penny thriller into a tale of terror which is a masterpiece of its kind.

The style in itself is a delight. The sentences have an etcher's precision. Varied as their cadences are and eerie as is the music they create, they drive on steadily with ever mounting tension as they unfold their terrible story. Darkness, brilliantly used, is the inevitable background for the black secrets and blacker crimes of Mr. Hyde —"the gross darkness of the night." The moon appearing suddenly to cast its pale light on murder. Murky side streets with their muddy ways. The midnight striking of clocks. Or by day a chocolate-colored London fog muffling and smothering the city, and enveloping it like a pall. These are some of the means by which the stage is set with words.

Stevenson is no less skilful in starting his story. Two men as different as Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield lead us into this tale about a dual personality. The contrast between them is the first of many to come. It is an oblique preparation for those violent contrasts in size, age, looks, emotions, manners, desires, and deeds which separate the admired and benevolent Dr. Jekyll from his odious *alter ego*.

FAMILIAR as I am with them, I never cease to marvel at the clues Stevenson gives, little by little, to solve the mystery of Jekyll and Hyde and to suggest their oneness. The signature on the check, the walking stick, the letter no one delivered, the testimony of the clerk who was expert at handwriting, Poole's report, the face at the window, the changed Dr. Jekyll, the disappearance of Hyde after the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, and the missing medicine. With such hints, dropped at the most strategic intervals, Stevenson plays hare-and-hounds with horror.

I doubt if even Richard III is described in terms more loathsome than those applied to Mr. Hyde. At first he is defined for us only by the emotions he creates in others. We learn of Mr. Enfield's instantaneous hatred of him; of the desire to kill him that turns a doctor sick and white; and of the murderous anger of the women in the street. We feel him before we see him, and come to dread seeing him. There-

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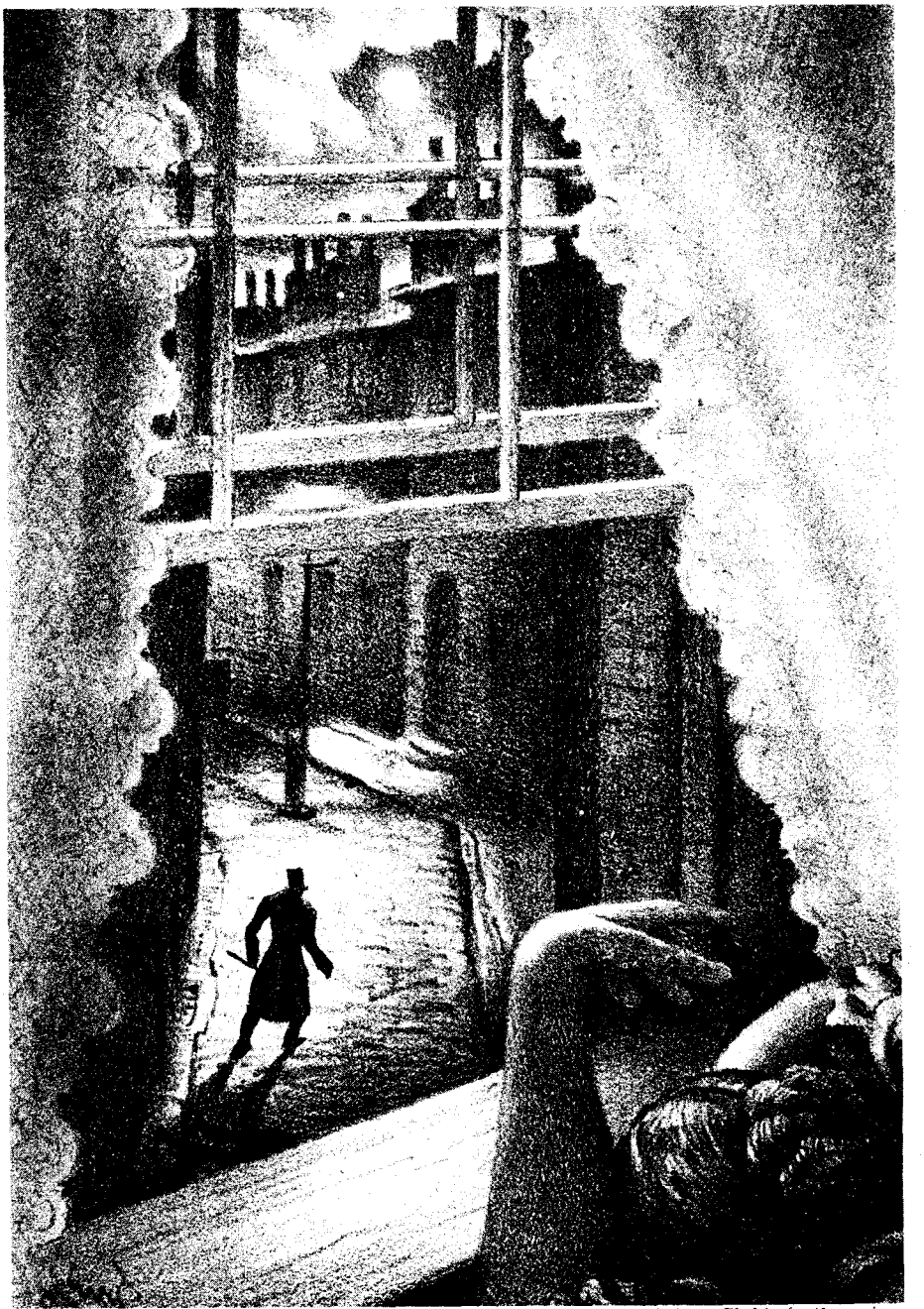

—Lithograph by Edward A. Wilson from the Limited Editions Club's forthcoming "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"... an affection for ... intrusive mysteries of the night."

upon Mr. Enfield attempts to describe the sense he creates of there being something wrong about him, something displeasing, downright detestable and deformed. From then on, the words applied to Hyde are hideous and horrible as he is. He is troglodytic. Satan's signature is upon his face. He is ape-like, wicked-looking, monkey-like, a rat, shocking, abnormal, and misbegotten. He is all these things—and more.

Beastly as we know Hyde to be, we see him commit only one murder. Yet he haunts our minds as a mass murderer. He is a man whose pleasure is pain and whose villainies are incessant. He is, in short, pure evil, and that is the only purity he knows. Dr. Jekyll's is the final life he takes. This is Jekyll's penalty for having summoned and released him.

In Samoa Stevenson was known as Tusitala, the teller of tales. He never told a better tale of horror than the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or one that found and has continued to hold so large a public. A "crawler" it may be, but it is a "crawler" with wings.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the second of two instalments which together will be the introduction to the new edition of Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to be published early in December by the Limited Editions Club.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

WITH THE CAMERA

JOE LOSEY'S WPA production, "One Third of a Nation," gave me the most exciting evening I ever spent in the theatre. His new film, "The Big Night," is not comparable in size of subject, but the quality of its excitement is the same. Here is a groping, sometimes fumbling, talent, which has explored many mediums and seems to have come to rest where it belongs, with the camera.

The camera tells this tale and points its small, grim moral. A young boy who has been brought up by his widowed father celebrates his seventeenth birthday in the father's small bar-and-grill, birthday cake laid right out on the bar. The relation of these two is inarticulate, full of silences about the rather sketchy past, but the cake mutely reveals their awkward affection. Into the bar comes a cripple with a heavy cane—a famous sports columnist. He orders the father to strip to the waist and get down on the floor. Trembling with shame and anger the man does so and, the barflies watching, the son watching, is beaten unconscious by the cripple.

Just before this the boy felt shaky in his budding masculinity, but now he must assert it to replace the father-image shattered by this incredible and seemingly reasonless scene. He steals his father's gun and after rehearsing what he is going to do in front of a mirror goes in search of the crippled columnist. The trail leads to the fights, to various bars, to the apartment of two women who live as if they were young and on the town but aren't, and finally to the showdown with his peculiar antagonist. A big night—too big.

The aforementioned saloons, apartment houses, and so on are familiar movie scenery of the kind Hollywood renders best; here they are shown with the most acute imagery and on two levels: as they are and as they look to a seventeen-year-old, excited and very much out of his depth. The father's bar is one of the thousands you pass every day and which, if you happen into one, makes you feel out of place because it's obvious that all the other patrons spend all their time there. Homey, but during the opening scene the camera changes it into a torture chamber. The camera, shooting the main action across a sinister or a suggestive shoulder, passing a mirror that recalls an earlier mirror, pausing over a night-club candle that associates with a birthday cake, shows all the commonplace toggery of metropolitan life as they seem to the boy, astray in the city. Once you catch onto this, you watch scene by scene for where the camera will be set, when it will turn or move, what it will disclose. This isn't virtuosity *à la* Hitchcock; camera placement and movement are determined, not by the pyrotechnics of the immediate situation, but by the long-term needs of plot and character, and each one evokes imagery drawn from the psychopathology of everyday life. Very like the way of silent film-making, and, to be short about it, the way of the movie masters then and now.

It shows up in the handling of the players. John Barrymore, Jr.'s inherited profile is snubbed by the camera in favor of fuzzy lip, pimpled chin devoid of make-up, and an inward look that does more credit to his ancestry than anything the star-makers may later do with his immature handsomeness. He is lucky to have the support of this director in this long, intense, first starring role. Preston Foster, Dorothy Comingore (of "Citizen Kane," remember?) and others are also used for what their faces tell rather than for the bag of tricks each has accumulated through the movie years. They seem to trust the camera to speak for them as stock players rarely do. This is important because all of them play people knocked down and run over by urban life, and for this you don't act, you behave. Only the excellent Philip Bourneuf has trouble as a drunken Ph.D., a role as off-key as the stagy lawyer Losey inserted in his recent re-make of "M."

I quit on the plot because the ending is strong and deserves to surprise. It validly explains the horrid scene in the bar with which the film begins, and the new relation between father and son.

* * *

Know that odd, almost disconcerting feeling you get when what is obviously a "B" shows signs of turning into an "A"? That's what happens at the beginning of "The Light Touch" (M-G-M). The picture doesn't amount to much in the long run, but it gives an amusing glimpse into the world of art, not unlike that afforded by "The Great Forger" and by S. N. Behrman's recent profile of Lord Duveen in *The New Yorker*. Stewart Granger and George Sanders are crooked art dealers who plan to steal a famous religious painting for an Armenian magnate who shares with Mr. Behrman's American magnates the desire to possess things which no one else can have. Granger commits the actual theft and has the bright idea of telling his partner that the painting was destroyed in transit. He proposes that they make a dozen copies and sell them to the apparently limitless number of collectors afflicted with the lust for exclusive possession. Mr. Sanders is not taken in, and the rest of the film is a funny duel of wits betwen scoundrels. Jed Harris is credited with part-authorship of this comedy, but I'll bet he didn't invent the conclusion in which Pier Angeli, the lovely Italian girl of "Theresa," enlists the aid of Heaven to show Granger the error of his ways. Needless to say, George Sanders is left to his evil and diverting ways. Come to think of it, *what* a picture could be made of Mr. Sanders's conversion to sweetness and light. I doubt I'll live to see the day.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SRL Recommends

The Big Night: Reviewed in this issue.

A Christmas Carol: With the most wonderful Scrooge of all—Alastair Sim. (*SRL* Dec. 1.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

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Music to My Ears

NEW BALLETS BY BALANCHINE — MET DEBUTS OF NOTE

THE CATALOGUE of ballets by George Balanchine, one of the truly creative spirits of our time, grew a little longer with the presentation by the New York Ballet in the City Center recently of two widely divergent products of his agile mind. One, wholly new, was a treatment of "Tyl Ulenspiegel" (spelled thus to differentiate it from other embellishments of the Strauss score); the other was an adaptation of the traditional "Swan Lake" of Tchaikovsky (traditional both in its utilization of the Ivanov choreography as basis, and in its concentration on the episodes of Act II).

In their vastly different ways each showed the marks of Balanchine's essential absorption with stageworthiness and musical justice. I don't know that in going back to the Flemish sources for the dramatic conception of Tyl as an impish national hero Balanchine has added much to the common prankishness of that character; but it provides occasion for some vigorous scenic painting by Esteban Frances and some pageantry involving Spanish invaders which frames the action rather convincingly. Aside from pageantry the ballet is mostly Jerome Robbins, who dances a Tyl of exceeding whimsicality and esprit with, appropriately, whimsicality and esprit. An amazing piece of physical projection, it is also well within the characterization of Strauss's score, which was remarkably well-played under Leon Barzin's direction.

The revitalized "Swan Lake" also had its protagonists—though they tended to be the twenty-four swans rather than the nominal principals, Maria Tallchief and Andre Eglevsky. Obviously Balanchine has suffered as much as any of us from the sparce, star-focused "Swan Lake" distortions prevalent here in recent years and decided to do something about it. That objective was squarely pin-pointed by the adroit dancing of the ensemble, its fluttery simulation of the winged creatures, and the pas de trois led by Patricia Wilde, all before a highly suggestive scenic background by Cecil Beaton. However, Maria Tallchief has far to go before she approaches such exceptional birds as Alicia Markova and Margot Fonteyn, while Andre Eglevsky's Prince Siegfried is as muscular and conventional as ever. We note, incidentally, a general disposition to forget the over-all excellence of the "Swan Lake" (complete) done here by the Sadler's Wells Ballet. This one was a measurable improvement on those of the excerpt variety, though a good many tail feathers behind the magic of the London ensemble at its best. Leon Barzin's conducting of the score was several beats per minute faster than customary—

with sound purposes of animation—though not so fast that a member or two of the orchestra didn't anticipate an entrance here and there.

* * *

The new singers of the second Metropolitan week were another, and lesser, story than those of the first. The American among them, Nell Rankin, left something about her talents in suspense, for she showed neither the manner nor the vocal prowess to justify the choice of Amneris in "Aida" as her debut role. If there are good reasons, they should manifest themselves when next she sings (the less demanding but no less revealing Maddalena in "Rigoletto" comes soon).

There was nothing suspended in the introductory efforts of Giacinto Prandelli and Renato Capecchi as the Alfredo and Germont of a "Traviata" in which Delia Rigal accomplished the not inconsequential feat of singing worse than at any time last season. Each is a workmanlike performer with obvious advantages of background and equally obvious limitations of voice. Prandelli did not escape the usual fate of Alfredos in looking ridiculous in a ridiculous part; he sings pleasantly, with a free voice of no notable power or range or, for that matter, color. For such other lyric roles of the repertory he will suffice, if not excite. Capecchi brought along all the manners of traditional Germonts but not the vocal richness or emotional authority of the better ones. His is a lightish baritone with a tendency to the white sound, which did not make one regret less the need for disciplining Robert Merrill, whose stand-in but not replacement Capecchi doubtless was. In other respects the assignment of this opera to Fausto Cleva measurably tightened its line and progress.

Also benefiting from the assignment of Cleva to "Traviata" was "Bohème," which came back under the direction of Alberto Erede. His feeling for it was keener and more idiomatic (in the best sense) than anything else he has done at the Metropolitan. In addition, the reshuffling of the ensemble, which brought together Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, Clifford Harvuot, and Giuseppe di Stefano as a new group of Bohemians, made necessary a deal of rehearsal which benefited the work substantially. Less valuable was the introduction of Patrice Munsel as Musetta, not because she isn't suited to the part, but rather because it made for a distraction—both on the stage and in the audience—which put the role out of proportion to its importance. Perhaps when she has settled down and accepted the role for what it is Miss Munsel's high spirits will come out in her vocalization as well as in her acting. Altogether, however, the non-revived operas of the first fortnight—"Figaro," "Traviata," and "Bohème"—had a measure of musical finesse not always customary in recent years.

* * *

Those who regard Arturo Toscanini as the last word in musical rectitude had to look the other way when he recently did Beethoven's amusing and unpretentious Septet as a virtuoso orchestra work, with the string parts multiplied. In this guise it made a certain effect, but not the one the composer intended. Powered by Toscanini's whipping energy, it was rehearsed to an eyelash of perfection, while falling miles short of the purpose of self-sufficiency it was meant to serve. At an earlier broadcast Toscanini put a similar onus of unwanted pressure on Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" music with results that not only cracked the nut but all the meat within its fragile shell.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Christmas Check List

APPROXIMATELY 10,000 new books were published during the past twelve-month. Close to ten times as many titles are still in print from previous years, available from their publishers or on order from your nearest bookstore. Every one of these volumes—even if it is on subjects as specialized as "Thermodynamics and the Free Energy of Chemical Substances" or as esoteric as "Mikrobielle Symbiosen in Pflanzen—und Tierrich"—would be welcomed as Christmas presents by someone whose interests happen to incline in those directions.

But the chances are that the names on your Christmas list belong to the more ordinary run of mortals. To facilitate your task of finding the appropriate book, *SRL* offers the following list of more than 250 titles, falling into a wide variety of types. It does not pretend to be a list of "best books" or "significant books" but merely a selection of those published during the past year that seem especially well-suited for gift purposes. To increase the likelihood that your recipient has not already read the book, preference has been given to titles issued in the past several months. A list of books for children was published in *SRL*'s issue of Nov. 10.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE. By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
The collected stories, long and short, of an extraordinarily gifted young writer.

BARABBAS. By Pär Lagerkvist. Translated by Alan Blair. Random House. $3.
A portrayal of the influence of Jesus Christ on the thief who witnessed His crucifixion. The most recent work of the Swedish writer who has just won the Nobel Prize in literature.

THE BEST STORIES OF 1951. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Miss Foley's annual collection of memorable short stories published in American magazines.

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Exposition

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Books for Christmas!

In these columns are presented some recent EXPOSITION books worth reading. We have tried to describe them honestly and succinctly, for your information and guidance. We recommend them to your discriminating taste.

And now, as the holiday season draws near, we offer our thanks to those who have helped make 1951 the busiest and happiest time we have ever enjoyed: to the librarians and book-sellers who have distributed *our* works; to the critics and reviewers who have given them notice; to 200 delighted writers whom we have published this year, and the ones we hope to publish, too); and most of all to you, the readers of America, on whose generous approval the fruitful labors of all of us in the publishing field depend.

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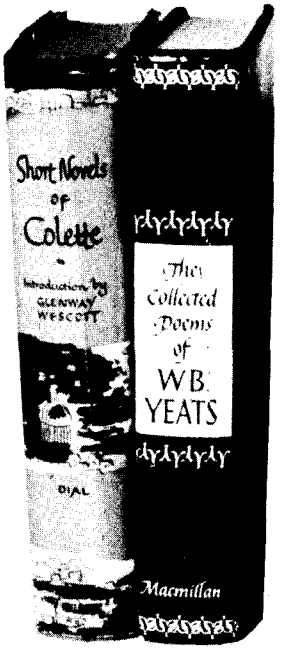

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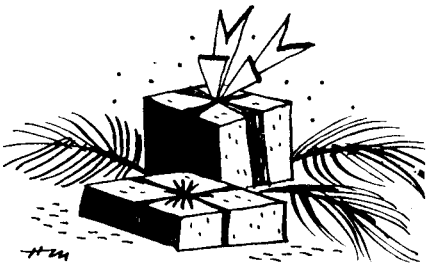

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MUST THE PUBLIC BE FOOLED?

(*Continued from page* 12)

of information in Russia because all agencies of information are in the hands of the Government, and therefore they cannot fall into the hands of anyone who would deceive the people." In spite of the fact that such a statement seems to us either naive or cynical, as it does not admit the ever present danger that the Government might be the agency that was out to fool the people, we must take it, I think, as sincere. It is in the minds of sincere persons that it can really do the most damage.

The most dangerous tyrant is the one who has succumbed to the ultimate corruption of power and believes in his own benevolence. He believes that he is helping the people, that he is doing them good by keeping them from knowing anything but the official doctrine whatever it may be. He will in all honesty and zeal keep them from learning by their own choice.

You may be thinking that people do not learn much from experience and that making a mistake is not a step that leads always to wisdom. This is true enough; if we learned from our mistakes and never repeated them the world would not be so full of defeated and frustrated people. But, however much we may fail to learn from experience, it is quite certain that there are many things we cannot learn from anything else. If there is any new truth in the world it will not be discovered by men who are protected from error.

In the present crisis in American life it is important to look closely at one assumption, an almost unconscious assumption that gets into much discussion of our possible future power and influence. It is taken for granted and it is false. The notion, which you will meet in all kinds of writing and talk and political polemics, is that we can justify our material power, even a career of material domination, by the cultural achievements that our power makes possible. I mean, of course, cultural achievements, great art and thought and science and philosophy, the great expression of our own ideals. The notion is false because, in spite of the commonplaces of the textbooks and careless historians, great cultural achievements have not been inevitably, or even generally, concurrent with great material power, and certainly are not the result of it.

To support such a thesis, look at Periclean Greece and Elizabethan England and France under Louis XIV and others. This is no place for a thoroughgoing analysis of the relations of the factors of power and cultural productiveness. But I say as boldly as I know how that the idea that nations grow great materially and then, and as a result, show greatness in art, thought, and letters is a fallacy.

If the fate of any nation displayed before our contemporary eyes were needed to set up the truth of the relation between material power and cultural achievement it could well be found in Germany. Between Bismarck and Hitler Germany dominated Europe and made two bids toward world hegemony that terrified and exhausted the rest of Europe. Out of that time whose names will be remembered with anything but infamy? A few scientists, a few men of art and letters. But at the turn of the century a hundred years before that, when Germany was only a name for a culture scattered among petty quarrelling states, German culture produced Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Mozart, Beethoven — you can think of many others. The same kind of parallel can be shown in the material confusions and degradations of nineteenth-century France when her art and science blazed with glory. On this point two modern social philosophers, Kroeber and Sorokin, have collected the evidence, and the conclusion is inescapable.

SO we return to the question of the leader. His chief work is to help us make a choice. He can lead us to take great spiritual risks and be great citizens. Or, he can play safe, stick to the doctrine, and let us drift into the fallacies of power. In that case we may possibly win an empire, but we are almost certain to lose our own souls. I am making a clear contrast here between greatness in nations and greatness in men, meaning power and domination on the one hand, and the expansion of the soul by the search for truth on the other. These are different ideals, and it often happens in the practical affairs of men that nations attain to mixtures and combinations of the ideals that are held by various members of their national group. By my own preference among the definitions of freedom I should have to say that I should prefer a nation in which there was a generous variety of different goals on all levels of political opinion

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except in those matters that would endanger freedom itself. And I do not believe that all the overt national actions of a national group will always serve the same ideal. What we are seeking is the answer to a question that proposes a choice between two kinds of effort and two kinds of demand to be made on our leaders, knowing that the results will be mixed. The true spirit of freedom and power are not antithetical, any more than righteousness and prosperity are antitheses. But the man who seeks prosperity above righteousness will probably lose both, and the nation that seeks power above truth will have the same double disaster.

The alternative that we are not quite willing to state in realistic terms can be put this way: Do we want our leaders to decide what shall be our national fate without letting us in on their secret, and then manipulate our ignorance to achieve what they think we ought to have without our knowing what are the other choices? It might be said that a little license to a ruler is not a mandate for tyranny. The difficulty is that if we give willingly to a leader the right to deceive us we give over to him also the right and the chance to decide when and whenever the deceit shall be practised. It is certain that the fates of nations are mixed, evil with good, and we may seek virtue even while we have a concern for material power. But which value is to be sacrificed to the other? It is the habit of knowing what value is to be held to, even at the cost of the others, that gives us our national morality.

We can delude ourselves into thinking that if we turn back from a career of domination, from taking over the world with our gasoline and steel and precarious uranium, we will forego the great chance of becoming a great nation and leaving a heritage of greatness for the use and admiration of others. Persons and nations are, in moral questions, faced with like decisions. If we look back at the records of the men and women to whom we owe greatness in thought, greatness in artistry, greatness in spirit, we see that almost never were they persons who had power in their own time. Material power and spiritual greatness are almost irrelevant in the lives of men. They are also irrelevant in the history of nations. A man or a country may have either material power or cultural greatness with or without the other. But neither one of them is the cause or the result of the other.

We are in a critical period, and we have a choice to make among ideals. Whether or not we are in fact allowed to choose our course may be a debatable question, because we are deep in change and we can neither see clearly, nor control completely, the forces that we ride. We may want to be great in the material sense, dominant, imperialistic, oppressive, and also to do great things with our minds and spirits. But if we seek to gain the city, in the Biblical phrase, we may all too easily lose our souls without realizing that it is no better for a nation than it is for a man to want power at too great a cost, or to be unaware of what is paid for it.

I have said that this price is not our freedom at home. There is an evident paradox here. If we can have an empire without giving up our freedom as citizens of our home country how are we paying for empire by giving up freedom of thought? The examples of Rome and Britain, where domestic citizenship became progressively more equitable and free during much of the time when the empire was being conquered, ought to indicate an answer. And it seems to me certain that in nineteenth-century Britain the citizen of Birmingham or Aberdeen, busy with his own political and business affairs, did not know what his Government was doing in Burma or the Sudan. He believed in the imperial myth and was willing to support it, the myth that his Government was bringing benevolent civilization to recalcitrant "niggers" the world over.

If we can still choose for our country, do we want power in the commonplace imperial sense? Or shall we be a people who want to advance freedom for all peoples, who want to live in the bracing air of freedom of thought at home and be — not the slaves or the beneficiaries of another great empire—but great persons in our own right?

Such a choice, on such a scale as we could make it, has not been made before. If it is possible for us it will be because we have the institutions, the leaders, and the faiths. And, in fact, I believe that we owe great respect to the national leaders whom we have had in my generation. No one of them, I think, has been a supremely great man in power of mind. They have not been great inventors of values or teachers to the nation. Except for their courage and political skill, they have been mostly normal, ordinary men. But among them there was none who tried consistently to make the American people believe what he thought was a lie. The "golden" lies of Plato's guardians have not ruled us.

We might have had, beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, the kind of leader who would manipulate the sources of public information and the sources of

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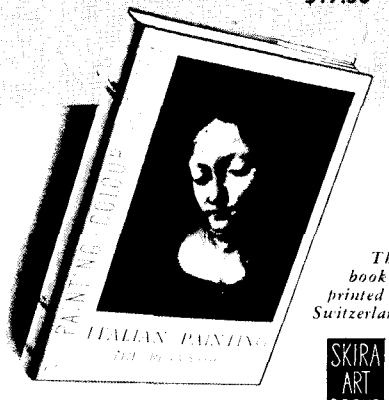

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agencies of public opinion, as we saw done in Germany, and as is now being done in many other places. In our country the net of public communication is very wide and very difficult to manage from a central point, but it is also pervasive and influential. A persistent plan to deceive us might have succeeded. If that had been done it is conceivable that our policies, especially in foreign relations, might have been less vacillating as well as less democratically criticized, and we might have been a mightier power. Having more honest leaders we have been less successfully aggressive than others, and against aggression we have fought back only at the last moment with great cost to ourselves. We have not been the big masterful nation that we sometimes think we ought to be. But if as a nation we had been more masterful our people in this generation would be much less fully aware of what has been going on and would have been less challenged by a painfully real knowledge of the issues. In that case we might have been a greater nation of lesser persons.

The question, "Should a leader deceive the public for the public good?" is not a simple question of good or evil. It is a real choice in political action. Shall we, on the one hand, follow the example of the nations that can set forth uncomplicated simple myths about themselves and their destiny in the world, and believe them, and go on to conquest? Shall we have our own version of the slogan, "Take up the white man's burden"? We, too, can have our imperial adventure, and there are leaders already in training to take us in hand with the right slogans and comforting reassuring myths about our destiny, if we are ready to respond.

But if we want above all things the wisdom and knowledge of free experience, the high privilege of searching for truth by our own powers, we had better give up campaigns against the liberties of others and also—this is harder to do—all campaigns to save other nations from their own errors. We can declare our own faiths and our own gospels, of course, but not with sanctions. Nations that encourage their citizens to be openminded, skeptical, questioning, free, are not good candidates for hegemony. But they have something else. They have a democracy of the spirit and the mind, and what they achieve may really be for the good of others, as well as for themselves.

THE BOOKSELLER & THE BOOK CLUB

(*Continued from page* 14)

gether out of the picture. Why hasn't it?

Another related question: Have these various developments over the years been beneficial or harmful? It is, of course, ludicrous to ask that question with regard to the main party in interest—the American public? It would be hard, indeed, to find in economic history a more classic example of the benefits of competition to consumers. They have been provided with literally hundreds of millions of books which otherwise they would never have obtained. The Book-of-the-Month Club, a single unit, has distributed among them now close to 120,000,000, almost as many books as there are in all the public libraries in the United States. The other book clubs—particularly the Doubleday clubs—would add several hundred million to that. The reprints probably even more millions, and the twenty-five cent books hundreds of millions more.

Certainly, publishers and authors have not been hurt. As to publishers, the probability is that many of them would long ago have been forced out of business, or the price level of books would have risen far more than it has, tending to lower the volume of sales greatly, had it not been for the utilization, one after the other, of these additional distributive systems.

HAVE bookstores, as one large unit, been hurt? Naturally, in the profession you will get different answers to that particular question. Not, I think, if you ask: Have their total sales *been lessened* by these various competitive activities? Booksellers most certainly have plenty of problems — particularly now, in being squeezed by higher costs; but I don't think it would be difficult to collect statistical and other evidence to support the proposition that the economic benefit from these developments has extended just as much to the existing bookstore as to all others teamed up in the industry.

The principal question is why. Why haven't such odd customs of the trade —unknown in other industries—been highly damaging to the natural distributor, the retail bookseller? My own answer comes back to my opening theme: that the intention to read books is always so much vaster than the actual sale that these various extraneous distributive activities simply reach out and soak up demand in that immense area. Where any effect can be traced at all they tend to increase instead of diminish sales in bookstores.

This is certainly true at least of the relationship between book clubs and trade-book sales. There has been a great deal of data collected over the past quarter century, proving this beneficial effect. Hark back to my first principle, and you will see how and why this happens. For example, the Book-of-the-Month Club has about half a million subscribing families. They come and go and come back again, like magazine subscribers, depending a good deal upon the general public curiosity in the current books. Now, every one of these half-million families, reading books at least while they are with us and talking about particular books, is an active center, continually creating more of those intending-buyers-of-books—that vast market where great opportunities for expansion lie for the entire book industry.

Contrariwise, there is no doubt that the more resolute buyers of books, those individuals who are willing to go to some inconvenience and trouble to obtain their books—in other words, those who patronize bookstores—also endlessly create intending-buyers-of-books. Some of these go to the bookstores, but also the book clubs finally lure in a good many of them by making them realize they are being delinquent in their reading.

Moreover, I am convinced that the reprints, the twenty-five-cent books, the magazine serials, the complete novels condensed in one issue, and sudden mushrooming developments like the new three-in-one volume of the Reader's Digest Club—all of these, while they seemingly gobble up a great part of the pie of reading, are doing nothing disadvantageous to others. Actually, they are indirectly engaged in creating more pie, some of it to be "et" by others, some by themselves, some by nobody.

In other words, in the big economic team that constitutes the book industry, all of us, more or less unconsciously, simply by the nature and effect of our activities, are helping one another. I don't say that with any Pollyanna overtones. I present it as a hard, cold, ascertainable economic fact, a fact which ought largely to determine our thinking and our policy.

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STRANGE LANDS

(*Continued from page 27*)

Macfie was not an explorer and not a very keen observer and that his tales, written down so many years after the fact, have necessarily borrowed more from their author's romantic imagination than from his memory. This is not to say that "Wasa-wasa"—the phrase is, according to Macfie, Indian (he suggests Chippewa) for "far, far away"—is not an engaging book. It will undoubtedly delight a great many readers who enjoy adventure tinged with sentiment and presented in graceful language. It will as undoubtedly exasperate anyone with a real interest in the great regions which Macfie was fortunate enough to cross.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN.

MY TURKISH ADVENTURE. By Pamela Burr. Norton. $3. This is a pleasant little book, wise and gay, telling a story of present-day Turkey from the viewpoint of Pamela Burr, who taught school at the American Girls' College in Istanbul.

For a "formidable" number of years, Miss Burr says, she was teaching in the United States. She felt she was growing stale and needed a change of scene. And so in 1945 she headed for Istanbul. On the college campus Miss Burr lived with her friend, Constance Pitt, in a building that had once belonged to a Turkish pasha. Their apartment was enormous, with lofty-ceiling, and a living room forty feet long. If they stuffed newspapers into the cracks around the windows and huddled over an electric heater they could keep fairly warm.

Although she was often uncomfortable Miss Burr was never in any danger. Once on a lonely road some wild dogs bared their teeth at her, but she kept her head, spoke to them quietly, and inched her way out of their path. Another time in a crowded tram a policeman spoke sharply to her. But a stranger, interpreting, said, "Pardon me, Madam, the policeman says it is best for you to rise. The man next to you has—how do you call it—bugs?"

Her young pupils were mainly Turkish, but there were a few Russians, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Persians, and two Americans. In Turkey teachers were venerated. The girls not only venerated, they adored Miss Burr. They gave her gifts, wept outside the infirmary when she was ill, begged her to visit their homes.

Because of the many times she was in their homes, she is able to give vivid and gay descriptions of Turkish family life. She was impressed by the wide gap between the older women, so recently released from the harems, and the new generation taken up with school marks and the scores of the basketball team.

Miss Burr traveled widely in the Turkish interior and also tried to visit Russia. For all her light touch, one can learn a lot from Pamela Burr's book about modern Turkey, about its people, its struggle to become westernized, and above all, about its desperate need for neutrality in face of the looming threat from the North.

—ROSEMARY TAYLOR.

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FOWL PLAY *Theodora Du Bois* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Dr. Jeffrey McNeill and wife Anne move to Staten Island—and land at once in murder and mystery re the screwy Santon neighbors.	Excellent writing as usual — but somehow mystery drags out without much excitement. Emphasis on character. Solution anyone's guess.	On your list
THE CORPSE THAT WALKED *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Gold Medal: 25 cents)	Alan Douglas, to get money for fiancée's embezzler-father, accepts job as double for millionaire racketeer—and the heat is on in Miami.	Original twist, worth a short story, but padded dialogue, descriptive detail—so even a low-grade moron would know what to expect on next page. Characters perhaps funny in funny-papers.	Ho-hum department

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

hero. That's the color, but the business of living is a struggle and a madcap gamble for Louis Caset and his ready-made family of wife and three stepchildren. They are homeless until they move in on a crazy woman in a rat-infested, ghost-ridden house. From then on things begin to happen at what Mr. Paul must hope is a farcical pace. It turns out all right, with love and joy and trust backed by money in the bank and the final spiritual security of the Catholic Church.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

brother and dancing partner. Stephen's homely but likable face, talented feet, and popularity with matinee audiences remind one of Fred Astaire. His patient, forthright American wooing wins out only after Evadne has been chastened by a mad escapade in Berlin.

"This Was Tomorrow" is a sentimental novel. But it avoids stickiness by its humor, well-contrived plot, and attention to historic detail. Miss Thane's characters do not live in a vacuum. They are alert to the events of their time. We regretfully leave the Spragues fitting gasmasks in an ARP workroom, and the Days, standing by their British cousins

—RAY PIERRE.

THIS WAS TOMORROW. By Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. The sixth of Miss Thane's Williamsburg novels is as wholesome and nourishing as corn pone and sweet-potato pie. There is indigenous Southern flavor in the setting, although the action later switches to London and the English countryside. Young lovers are united, wicked plots foiled, villains unmasked. All's well in the worst of all possible worlds—or Europe during the four uneasy years prior to Chamberlain's visit to Munich and Hitler's rape of Prague.

This is not to damn Miss Thane's book with faint praise. It is heartening to meet a set of well-adjusted, intelligent, charming characters, fond of each other and of life. The Williamsburg Days and Spragues and their British cousins, the Campions, compose a tightly-knit clan. They enjoy big family gatherings, are fiercely loyal in times of stress, and coldly unreceptive to outsiders who threaten their solidarity. Their mutual admiration might seem narcissistic and their intermarriages eugenically unsound, were they not such nice people. You can't blame Jeff Day for loving cousin Sylvia, who is not only a great beauty but a musical comedy star. Nor can Sylvia be blamed for adoring Jeff, a gifted foreign correspondent and heir to his foster father's newspaper enterprises.

The secondary plot, which dominates the latter part of the novel, deals with the lovely but addled Evadne Campion's involvement in a crackpot religious movement. Not only does Evadne dedicate herself to saving her kith and kin but to spreading the gospel of absolute honesty, purity, and unselfishness to Nazi Germany. She wins a convert in the revolting Hermione, whose jealous possessiveness almost disrupts Evadne's romance with Stephen Sprague, Sylvia's

NEITHER MAN NOR ANGEL. By Susan Seavy. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Miss Seavy in this novel explores the mind and career of a man who is plainly kin to the devil himself. The book is ostensibly a history of Andy Britten, through which idealistic and sensitive person we follow the narrative; but very soon it is his younger brother Paul who takes over, the book as well as the lives of those around him. Paul is the brother with no scruples, the conscious and calculating double-dealer. It is difficult most of the time to see just what it is he wants, as he scrambles over the bodies of his brother and sister and father. It may be power, or some kind of negative self-expression. In any case, he gets away with murder, quite literally, as well as such lesser crimes as seduction and perjury.

The cornerstone of all Paul's accomplishments is his ability to inspire trust, so that Andy, who is the only one to perceive the true horror of Paul's activities, must fight him alone and in the dark, able to touch him nowhere. Paul is invulnerable and the victor, for in the end it is Andy who is distrusted and rejected by the family, and who flees from the town mob which has been subtly incited against him by Paul. Certainly if this tale has any point at all it is that the serpent shall be believed, and the innocent shall flee in shame. Miss Seavy pursues her point with zeal and energy. There is life and agony in Andy, there is reality in the town and its people. But Paul—Paul fails us. In a tale like this, we want to know: what makes Paul run? We do not need to sympathize with him, but we do need to understand him. If Miss Seavy had taken some time from her devoted analysis of Andy—who does not need it—to make Paul plain, she would have made a finer and more credible novel of it. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
EPIC		
VIVALDI: "JUDITHA TRIUMPHANS." Soloists, Chorus, Orch. Scuola Veneziana, Ephrikian. Period SPLP 533 (3)	▶ An excellent recording of its type, with good balance of many elements, great clarity of detail, good highs and fine drums. A typical LP-only venture — would take 15-18 of the old-style 78 discs!	More resurrected Vivaldi—an oratorio on classic lines, static, impressive, quite unlike the more dramatic Handel oratorios, more akin to Handelian opera. Absurd Latin text, little drama (Judith chops off a head), but a wealth of sturdy music, several fine voices, and a generally fine performance.
SCHUMAN: "JUDITH" (1949); "UNDERTOW" (1945). The Louisville Orch., Robt. Whitney. *Mercury MG 10088*	▶ Mercury's new U.S. recording. Technically good with excellent encompassing of terrific sounds in this music. Rather shallow liveness, lacking perspective; miking could have been more effective.	Two big Schuman scores, both intense, ultra-taut, very serious, dramatically violent. Not easy to follow the logic of extreme dissonance here; much might be termed arbitrary, pitchwise. But emotional content is crystal-clear.
LISZT: "THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS" (SYMPHONIC POEM #11); "TASSO" (SYMPHONIC POEM #2). Munich Philharmonic, Eichorn, Mennerich. Mercury MG 10083	▶ "Battle of the Huns" is a first-rate big-orch. recording, woodwinds nicely etched in clean highs, cymbals overwhelming, strings fine-spun. "Tasso," with same over-all sound, is technically weaker; cross-mod. "burble," plus apparent high cut-off. On most machines the two will be the same.	Mercury seems on way to doing all of these interesting monstrosities—an unlikely project except via LP (*SRL* June 5). Musical plan is about the same whatever the story: big quotas of clashing cymbals, lyric sweetness, etc. "Huns" has whopping battle music, amusing though not so intended. "Tasso," *re* mad poet, tears hair lustily.
LISZT: "A FAUST SYMPHONY." Paris Philharmonic, Alexis Vlassoff, Choir, Meyrowitz. Vox PL 6920	▶ A resurrected anomaly of the sort that tape and LP make common—this is the old Pathé recording (C M-272) transferred to LP, but the listed tenor is different. Label mistake? And last part (final 78 side) perhaps done in a different place. Deadish, dry acoustics (except last part), a carefully French performance. This music is far above the noisy symphonic poems, ranking surely as very greatest of this versatile composer; a piece that all Liszt-sniffers should study. Final chorus makes performances rare.	
JANACEK: "TARAS BULBA" (1918). Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. JANACEK: SUITE FOR STRINGS (1877). Winterthur Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster WL 5071	▶ Janacek, early and late. "Taras," concerning blood-and-thunder 15th-c. Cossacks, is curiously placid, lyric in Czech manner; a colorful, loose-jointed piece, scored like later Strauss with a bare touch of modernism. Luminously if rather thinly recorded. The early String Suite is a lush and winning work to go alongside Tchaikovsky's strings, the Grieg "Holberg," the Dvorak "Serenade"; quite joyously romantic. (Kostelanetz fans will like it, too.) Superb string recording.	
FORTEPIANO		
MUSIC IN COLONIAL AMERICA. REINAGLE: PIANO SONATA. FRANCESCHINI: TRIO SONATA IN B FLAT. Arthur Loesser, fortepiano; J. Figueora, J. Margolies, vls.; J. Saunders, cello; F. Valenti, harpsichord. New Records NRLP 2006	▶ The 18th c. Reinagle sonata as played on a Challis fortepiano, style of 1800, is an unexpectedly significant performance and a delight to hear. The music is surprisingly good of its type, influenced by K. P. E. Bach (whom R. knew), not unlike the more contemplative Mozart. Loesser plays this style with beauty and understanding, a remarkable range of tone color and expression—surely indicating a needed revaluation of Mozart period piano. The early fortepiano, in these hands, is lovely—no better word! We will hear it increasingly without a doubt. The F. Trio-Sonata is an anomaly; it boasts a figured bass with harpsichord, but style is closer to unfigured trio of Haydn and Beethoven and it would be better thus. Simple, rather clumsy music; the dull cello part here overplayed.	

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

PICTURE OF HEALTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Films are most exciting when they shed light on some of the paradoxes and mysteries of human behavior. What makes people tick—or in some cases run down? Clue to adult behavior problems can often be easily found in examples of childhood. The child is still father to the man. In the films reviewed below fascinating aspects of child development are shown from the viewpoints of the casual observer, the teacher, the psychologist, and the psychiatrist.*

PRE-SCHOOL INCIDENTS: WHEN SHOULD GROWNUPS HELP? (13 *min.*) *and* ". . . *AND THEN ICE CREAM*" (10 *min.*). *Produced by the Child Study Dept. of Vassar College. Distributed for rental and purchase by the New York University Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York 3, N. Y.*

For a number of years Vassar College has been producing 16mm. films as part of an extended series entitled "Studies of Normal Personality Development." The films practically pioneered the child-study area in this country, and despite the increasing output on the subject each year they continue to be used as consistently as textbooks in a number of teaching institutions. Directed and written by Mary Fisher Langmuir and Lawrence Joseph Stone of the Vassar faculty, with photography by Josef Bohmer, these new Vassar films take an excitingly different approach to the discussion of children's behavior. For one thing they say little and show a great deal. For another they use pictorial repetition, not for emphasis or review, but oddly enough for further illumination of what the scenes actually contain.

"When Should Grownups Help?" starts out with a few basic ideas and shots indicating that sometimes adult assistance is helpful to the pre-school child while at other times it is a hindrance and a disturbance. As examples the film shows four episodes, giving only a sentence or two of comment on each: a boy is building a tower of blocks, and his teacher helps him with one beyond his reach; a girl is putting on her snow suit and furiously resists her teacher's persistent help; a boy tries over and over again, but without success, to drive a long nail into a thick block of wood; and a girl struggles for some time but finally manages to free her foot from a rope in which she was caught. Printed questions at the conclusion of these episodes ask the audience to decide in which of the situations adult help is called for. The film doesn't answer its own question, as educational films tend to do. Instead it goes on to repeat the four episodes in full with the suggestion that this time the audience pay special attention to facial expressions and other clues which the children themselves provide. I found the repeated viewing thoroughly rewarding and an unbeatable device for promoting concrete discussion.

". . . And Then Ice Cream" is a similarly patterned film with two contrasting episodes about getting the recalcitrant child to eat. The problem is whether the child should be compelled to act within adult standards or whether he should be permitted to set his own. By no means is it presented in black-and-white terms. With the printed questions and the repeated viewing of each episode ideas begin to crystallize and the stage is set for mature discussion.

While lacking the photographic polish that high-budget films can achieve, these two productions have another kind of distinction in their thoughtful comment, careful editing, and patient recording of valuable real-life incidents.

A LONG TIME TO GROW. Produced by the Child Study Dept. of Vassar College. Distributed for rental and purchase by New York University Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York 3, N. Y. (35 *min.*).

This film contrasts the activities of two- and three-year-olds within the realm of the nursery school. For the youngest, merely watching can be absorbing. As they develop it is first more important to do things before it is important to do them well or for a reason. A child can devote herself voluntarily to carefully dressing her doll or to building a boat. New experiences can be interesting, and they can be frightening at the same time. A child at her first try with finger paints finds them strange and messy—is it all right to like them, or not to like them, she wonders.

Indoors and out, in every season, the film shows some choice examples of

—*From "When Should Grownups Help?"*

". . . sometimes adult assistance is helpful."

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children being their busy selves. Its excellent portrayal of nursery teachers gives it special value for educational purposes. I did feel, in this film and in many others on child care problems, that we can overdo the tendency to interpret the child's learning in terms of adult goals—that is to say, it may be reasonable to point to everything a child does and say, "He is learning how it feels to build," "He is learning to cooperate," "He is learning to enjoy nature," but is it wise, is it really meaningful to adults, and is it sufficient? Don't we have to add that the mature adult is constantly learning too?

IT'S A SMALL WORLD. Produced and distributed for rental and purchase by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (38 *min.*)

Not a word is spoken, not a line of comment delivered in this impressionistic survey of nursery school life in London. Using hidden camera techniques the film shows the un-self-conscious activities of children building, painting, hauling, eating, napping, and wandering around. In contrast to the other films reviewed on these pages it is effortless and rambling and a bit too long, reflecting few problems for teachers and youngsters but concentrating on the joys of both. Thoroughly charming!

THE TERRIBLE TWOS AND THE TRUSTING THREES. Produced by Crawley Films for the National Film Board of Canada. Distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. For rental consult nearby SRL Film Referral Libraries. (20 *min., color or b&w*).

At nursery school and at home young children usually act their age. This is the basis of the delightful film series "Ages and Stages" directed by a capable woman named Judith Crawley, who has a dozen child-care films—and five children of her own—to her credit. The Crawley children are familiar faces to most 16mm. film viewers for all except the youngest (four-month-old Jennifer) have appeared in many of their mother's films.

"Twos and Threes," like "He Acts His Age" which preceded it, is designed to show parents and teachers what to expect of children and how to help them in the growing-up process. The film is charming to look at, humorous enough to avoid being a lecture, and informative enough to interest just about everyone — parents and teachers most of all. When the two-year-olds are investigating and learning it generally spells trouble for parents; everything in the house is in danger of being dropped or broken. In contrast the threes seem so angelic that it looks as if all the difficulties are over for good. But just wait until they are four, the film warns. And we'll have to wait a little while at least for Mrs. Crawley's next film in the series, "The Frustrating Fours and the Fascinating Fives."

WHY WON'T TOMMY EAT? Produced by Crawley Films for the National Film Board of Canada; distributed for purchase only by Sterling Films, 316 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. For rental consult nearby SRL Film Referral Libraries. (20 *min., color or b&w*).

Forty years ago, the film states, no one ever heard of a healthy child who refused to eat. Yet today despite all our knowledge of nutrition, despite our household calculations of vitamins and calories, the feeding problem is surprisingly common. Doctors and scientists put their heads together and found out what was good for Tommy, but they forgot one thing—he might not want to eat it.

"Why Won't Tommy Eat?" reviews hunger and feeding situations in babyhood and early childhood to show some of the many reasons why children fight with food. Future eating difficulties can result from over-anxiety on the part of the mother, from weaning difficulties, from any number of annoying, disapproving, or punishing attitudes toward the child who is having to learn adult eating habits. With children as with adults emotion and appetite are closely related. The film gives incidental answers to many questions that are apt to bother parents. In every respect (except for one unnecessarily blunt scene, in which the family doctor tells Tommy's mother, "Mrs. Smith, *you* are the problem, not the boy") it provides adults with a fine foundation for understanding children's needs and development.

Although the film was released several years ago it was never reviewed in these columns. It is one of those fortunate film whose value grows rather than diminishes with the passage of time; every parent should see it.

FACE OF YOUTH. Produced and distributed for rental and purchase by the Bureau of Visual Instruction, University of Wisconsin, Madison 6, Wisconsin. (28 *min.*)

"Face of Youth" is one of those film surprises a reviewer dreams of but never really expects to stumble upon. Produced by a university film unit

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with little fanfare and relatively little staff and equipment, it is a first-rate film by almost every standard. Mainly it tells the story of two "problem" boys, Alex and Ralph, and the help they ultimately can get from their teachers, parents, public nurse, and child guidance personnel. Alex is the show-off and Ralph the good "little man"—and both are a worry to everyone they come in contact with. Turning Alex's energies to useful rewarding experiences at school and home is easily done with the patient help of an alert school staff and understanding cooperative parents. Ralph's home and school life is more complex; he and his mother need special assistance, which they get from the psychiatrist, psychologist, and social worker at the guidance clinic. Their story is most convincingly projected onto the screen, but most exciting is the background feeling which the film conveys. Children can be helped to the happiness that is health while they are young, while there is time. Troubles can be alleviated before they become permanent patterns. The face of youth is soft and smooth and can yet be molded into an attractive adulthood.

Because of the limited budgets on which university productions have to be made the film has a minimum of "live" sound (*i.e.*, actual conversation). The sound track is not as clear and professional as it might be. On the other hand, the photography is fine throughout, and in certain scenes, especially the close-ups, it is superb. Good taste and intelligence have marked each shot, each line of commentary, even the selection of narration voice. The editing of the boy's first visit to the psychiatrist and his mother's concurrent talk with the social worker is an example of real skill and imagination.

"Face of Youth" is practically a one-man production job by Herman Engel, who researched, wrote, directed, edited, recorded, and, in truth, *made* the film. His photographer, Martin Lobdell, deserves special mention, as do the University's visual instruction head, Walter Wittich, and the Wisconsin Mental Health Division's psychiatrist, Dr. Eugenia S. Cameron. Music by Hilmar F. Luckhardt of the University staff adds further to the film's distinctiveness. In short, the film should be an inspiration to parents, educators, health leaders, sponsors, and makers of non-theatrical films, as well as to those of us who occasionally wonder if there is still opportunity for a talented, hard-working, sincere individual to make a film he wants to make in the way he wants to make it.

—CECILE STARR.

AMERICANA

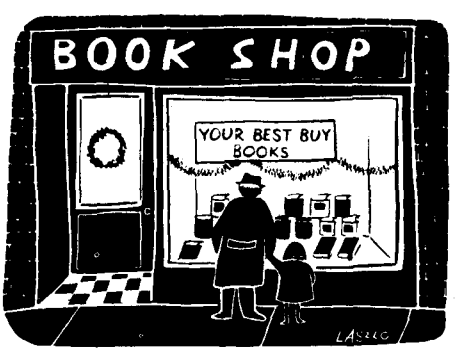
(*Continued from page 18*)

and shot himself through the temple.

Actually the Southern duelist was either an emotionally defective man or an immature person no matter what his age. Sensitivity at having one's honor besmirched was a trait of gawky uncertainty and swashbuckling juvenility. It was not until the region advanced beyond the frontier stage that its sons matured sufficiently to adjust themselves to the everyday abuses of society. Mr. Kane has written a book which can be read either for entertainment or as a study in regional psychopathy.

Americana Notes

THE ILLINOIS MILITARY TRACT. By Theodore L. Carlson. University of Illinois Press, Urbana. Cloth, $3.50. *Paper,* $2.50. In 1812 Congress set aside various tracts of land to be parceled out as rewards for service among veterans of the second war with Great Britain. One of these was the Illinois Military Tract, comprising some 3,500,000 acres between the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers—an area that today includes Quincy and Peoria, which latter center, outsiders are regularly surprised to learn, is exceeded in population by only one other municipality in the state (name on request). Mr. Carlson's monograph is a study of what happened to, and in, this area between its original settlement and the end of the century—what happened to it, that is to say, as land, for his specific concerns are "occupation, utilization, and tenure." Most of the soldier titles passed quickly into the hands of Eastern land speculators at an average price of $115 for a quarter section. Not all of the speculators made money, and not all of the veterans lost by the deal. Squatters squatted and stuck, and occupation became ten-tenths of the law. By 1900, what with rising expenses and the mortgage burden, tenancy was the order of the day, and "for many the dream of eventual land ownership was never realized." This scholarly inspection of the records presents an accurate and careful picture of the absorption of the frontier. It is the case history — occasionally the somewhat melancholy case history — of a piece of earth.



CABLE CAR CARNIVAL. By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. Grahame Hardy, Oakland, Calif. $6. San Francisco put on a special celebration when this engaging work was published, and well she might. For the cable car is to San Francisco what the gondola is to Venice (Venice, Italy, not Venice, Calif.)—an observation not made here for the first time. The competent Beebe-Clegg team, or tandem, functions to perfection in the present compendium, which chronicles the ups and downs of America's best-known street-railway system. Mr. Beebe has written the history and the philippic against the proponents of the bus, and Mr. Clegg has dug into the dustbin for more than a hundred prints and photographs that go back to 1868, which is before there *was* a cable car. The cable car came in 1873, and Mr. Clegg has pictures of that, too. Incidentally, his (or Mr. Beebe's, or both's) captions are illuminating, accurate, and honest. This book is something more than a footnote to the history of transportation—it is eloquent and engrossing Americana, put together with skilled and loving craftsmanship.

MAIL BY RAIL: The Story of the Postal Transportation Service. By Bryant Alden Long and William Jefferson Dennis. Simmons-Boardman, New York. $4.95. The Railway Post Office has its own informal vocabulary: A *beno* is a prohibitory order ("there shall be no"); *bladders* are newspapers (folk-etymology—Ger. *blätter*); *hickies, sinkers, mopies, brownies* are demerits; a *nixie* is an unsortable, misaddressed letter. You can get five demerits (excuse it—*sinkers*) for not catching a pouch on the fly or for whistling on duty, twenty-five for disrespect in official correspondence. Those are a few samples of the miscellaneous information scattered through this lively treatise, which is at once a history, an operations manual, and an encyclopedia of the R.P.O. The collaborators have been through the mill; Mr. Long is now associate editor of *Transit Postmarks* and Mr. Dennis, who wrote three of the sixteen chapters, is professor of Spanish and Latin-American history at Parsons College, Iowa. If that seems unusual, it isn't. Railway mail clerks have become Governors, United States Senators, minis-

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ters, slick-paper writers, Shakespearean scholars, presidents of AT&T, composers, Olympic athletes, brigadier generals, and second assistant postmaster generals. About all there is to know concerning railway mail service the world over is in this book, put there by men who are enthusiasts, and knowledgeable ones.

THE ROAD IS YOURS. By Reginald M. Cleveland and S. T. Williamson. Greystone Press, New York. $3.75. Spare tires were once carried up front, on the radiator. The *Saturday Evening Post*'s first motor advertisement appeared in 1900, in which year 4,192 cars were produced in America. The Dodge brothers were named John and Horace. Battery troubles and flats are about equally responsible for present-day road breakdowns, together causing 43 per cent of the total. Cars that have run out of gas supply 3.5 per cent of the AAA's 3,500,000 annual emergency calls. The automotive industry of today takes half the nation's steel and three-fourths of its plate glass. This book, subtitled "The Story of the Automobile and the Men Behind It," is by no means wholly, or even largely, statistical. It is crammed with anecdotes and ana that are linked together to form a neat assembly-line history, and the result is an admirable small-compass survey covering every phase of motordom.

THE LAST CONQUISTADORES: The Spanish Intervention in Peru and Chile, 1863-1866. By William Columbus Davis. University of Georgia Press. Athens. $5. Spain's attempt to reassert her ancient eminence in the New World under cover of the umbrella provided by the American Civil War fizzled out at the end like a wet firecracker, but in the interval blood was shed, and a Spanish admiral put on his dress uniform and all his medals and shot himself, leaving a written request that his body not be consigned to Chilean waters. (The request was granted.) At the end of the war the Spanish fleet returned home in "triumph." The whole story is fantastic, and Mr. Davis has had merely to tell it factually and straightforwardly in order to bring out the tragi-comic elements. He has had the field to himself; Americans generally, busy licking their own wounds, were apathetic about squabbles below the equator, and our diplomatic concern in the matter, such as it was, was hardly inspired. This lack of interest has persisted for three generations. But the incident richly merits resurrection, and Mr. Davis has made a graphic job of it. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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LISTEN AND LEARN A LANGUAGE by quick, easy LINGUAPHONE Conversational Method. Learn to speak French, German, Russian, an Asiatic tongue —any of 29 languages. Save time, work, money. Another language is business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2612 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20.

PERSONALS

CASH PRIZES. The Villager, a leading women's club magazine, offers the following prizes to authors of prose and poetry: best story (under 4,000 words), $50; best article (under 3,000 words), $40; best sketch, travel and character, (under 2,500 words), $25; best poem, $25; second poem, $10. RULES: (1) only original, unpublished manuscripts will be considered; (2) all manuscripts must be clearly typed —no carbon copies; (3) contributors may enter several manuscripts in each class; (4) the writer's name and address in a sealed envelope must accompany each manuscript; do not write on manuscript; write title and classification on the outside of the sealed envelope containing your name; (5) no manuscript will be returned unless specifically requested by the author, in which event return postage must be enclosed; The Villager retains the right to publish anything submitted, unless return is requested; (6) prize manuscripts and others specially cited by the judges and the editors of The Villager will be published during the year in The Villager; (7) contest now open and manuscripts should be sent as early as possible. Closing date of the contest is February 15. Address: Contest Editor, THE VILLAGER, Bronxville Women's Club, Bronxville, N. Y.

AFRICAN SCULPTURES, antiques, permanent exhibition. SEGY GALLERY, 708 Lexington, NYC. Catalogues on request.

NEED BOOKKEEPING ASSISTANCE? Our monthly, easy, accurate, "by-mail system" used by hundreds of shopkeepers and business people will save you money, time, and worry. Only $2.50 monthly. Write SYSTEM BOOKKEEPERS, 31-S East Congress St., Chicago 5, Ill.

(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

AN uncomplicated, mature gentleman extant? Then sincere lady would enjoy correspondence. Box 486-J.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

MAN who likes broccoli hollandaise, Scott Fitzgerald, and the smell of bonfires invites correspondence from lady who abhors motorcycles, eggplant, and McCarthyism. Box 496-J.

YOUR VOICE made loud, clear, dynamic, powerful—with my Diaphragm Exerciser, new invention. Write: VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

WANT TO PAINT, SCULP, DRAW? Artist, Parisian background, will help you dig out your talents. Call ALLEN ULLMAN, NYC, ORegon 3-2025, GRamercy 3-7815.

GET READ ABOUT. We put people and products in the news. Free individual consultation. ANN KELBER, Public Relations, MUrray Hill 8-2767, 509 Madison Ave., NYC, Room 1810.

YOUR P's AND Q's are important, and likewise your TEAS. The discriminating host(ess) is serving our fine, native-style teas from friendly Japan. These teas are prepared on your order and mailed directly from Japan's tea plantation center in a decorative Japanese tea humidor: parcel 1, SENCHA, very select traditional green with fresh, leafy flavor, 16 oz. net $4.50; parcel 2, HOJICHA, a new darker tea, leafy flavor with smoky bouquet, 13 oz. net $4.50. International postage prepaid (U. S. fee 15c). Sold only by mail. Remit $4.50 to JONES SHOKAI, Box 476, GPO, NYC 1.

AFFABLE feminine idealist desires corespondence from sincere, broad-minded, non anti-racial persons, either sex. Interests: music, art, theatre. Box 546-J.

TO PUZZLE ALL but a KNOW-IT-ALL. SEE PAR ADVERTISEMENT, PAGE 43.

NEW STATESMAN READER, feminine, European background, wishes congenial, mature correspondence. Box 513-J.

SINCERE, uncomplicated business girl has room in Christmas stocking for SRL mail. Box 514-J.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, aesthetic culture, literature, decorative arts, music, drama, travel, desires correspondence with cultivated interests. Box 516-J.

LADY with cultural European background, well-grounded in English, offers individual lessons French, German; effective method. Reasonable. Box 520-J.

RETIRED? Paint . . . for your amazement. Enjoy developing your hidden talents. Beginners—small groups and private lessons. Rapid results. Art materials included. LISBETH BENSON, NYC, CIrcle 6-0612.

YOUNG MAN seeks solid, constructive work rather than impermanent, anxiety-provoking position of little intrinsic worth. Possibility of being inexperienced does not frighten me. Travel wherever reason prevails. Box 522-J.

A feminine dilettante with interesting mind invites correspondence. Box 523-J.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

WRITER'S PARADISE. Restored Colonial, fireplaces, 50 acres, brook. Secluded. $15,000. Small house, 10 acres, panoramic views. $10,500. BOWERS REALTY, Litchfield Road, New Milford, Conn.

SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. EZ longhand system. $1 returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

YOUNG MISS, discriminating, cultured, invites male correspondence. Box 524-J.

COUNTRY home-away-from-home for young children. Box 382-J.

GHOSTWRITER, preferably on West Coast, wanted to assist on novel. Box 460-J.

CONFUSED? Read Texas' EMANCIPATOR, an independent, forward-looking, liberal monthly. $2 yearly. 3305 West Ashby, San Antonio.

PERSONALS

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50 -$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE AN ELAN VACATION! One week or more at ELAN'S beautiful new center on Vancouver Island. Skiing, fireside discussions, foods from many nations. Moderate rates. For details write ELAN Center, Vancouver Island.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

FIREPLACE-AND-SLIPPERS ex-urbanite greets free-thinking young Miss enjoying mountains, solitude, symphony, reading. Box 450-J.

THE SUNWISE PRESS, 899 Coast Highway, Santa Barbara, Calif., announces it will publish a limited number of manuscripts by new authors: 1951-52. Inquiries promptly answefed.

INTELLIGENT, middle-aged lady invites male correspondence. Box 526-J.

CONGENIAL GUY invites interesting but sincere correspondence. Box 527-J.

WELL-KNOWN young English artist, Cambridge and Brown graduate, seeks part-time job Manhattan teaching art, languages. Phone NYC, PLaza 8-2640.

FRENCH MASTERED! Essentia's in 12 intensive lessons. New technique; NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday and Saturday (2 nights), single room and bath, $11.50; double room and bath, $17; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $22. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

WOULD sincere, loyal people care to correspond with intelligent, mature woman new surroundings? Box 508-J.

GENTLEMAN, loves outdoor life, birds, flowers, dogs, wishes to correspond with lady. Box 511-J.

REFINED, professional, liberal young woman, free of racial prejudices, interested in hearing from male of similar tastes. Box 589-J.

OFFICE SPACE available, approximately 400 square feet, for those who seek the very best, at the desirable HOTEL BUCKINGHAM, 57 St. at Avenue of the Americas. See Mr. Fields or call NYC, CIrcle 6-1500.

BOOKBINDING hobby courses. Days, evenings. UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS, 1014 Madison Ave. (78 St.). NYC, REgent 7-3860.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, MUSICIANS! Vacation while you work in beautiful Pacific Northwest. Magnificent mountain-ocean setting, restful surroundings, stimulating companionship. Open all year. Reasonable rates. ELAN Center, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada.

WANTED: a copy of "The Myth of the Birth of the Hero." Box 543-J.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN with diverse interests invites correspondence from professional or business men. Box 544-J.

YOUNG MAN collecting classical recordings would write Miss similarly appreciative. Box 595-J.

YOUNG college instructor desires fast transportation (preferably air) St. Louis to San Francisco, Dec. 20. Will drive, act as companion, courier, or otherwise. Box 536-J.

VERSATILE MALE, slightly unconventional, would like female correspondence. Box 537-J.

IF you not only like writing (fiction) but have keen imagination and colorful English, try working with those of my plots that appeal to you. You will have some money; if lucky, real money. Box 538-J.

MATURE YOUNG WOMAN welcomes correspondence with sincere gentleman. Box 539-J.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, fond of home, country, music, theatre, desires mature masculine correspondence. Box 594-J.

PERSONALS

RESEARCHER looking for historical novelist. Smith B.A. Year exploring England. Rabid curiosity about details of life in past centuries. Some typing. Box 533-J.

SMALL FEMALE, mature, experienced, has Los Angeles supervisory position; also capable executive work, wishes change literary, publishing, medical, or any field cognizant 12% Nemesis. Box 540-J.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

LADY would appreciate information regarding mid-west community less than 20,000, non-industrial, having lake or river, exceptional library. Box 593-J.

ORDINARY FELLOW, fairly mature, decent, cognizant, and pleasant, would appreciate feminine correspondence. Box 506-J.

LONELY woman author-editor, ten years' agency experience, four books published, serene and hopeful temperament, desires companion's job with literary aspirant. Editorial, publishing, collaborative help given. Good home essential. Highest references given and required. Box 590-J.

YOUNG MAN desires correspondence with sincere, broadminded individuals. Box 491-J.

MATURE LADY, professionally active, varied interests, resourceful, sincere, seeks correspondence male counterpart. Box 501-J.

MEXICO BOUND, early February, seek interesting passengers, driver. Box 535-J.

PLAYWRIGHTS: compete for awards, possible production, with plays in prose or verse; deadline March 15. For requirements, address DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Box 200 Z, Stanford, California.

SECRETARY, fascinated by photographic possibilities of Africa and East Indies, seeks position that will eventually take her there. Box 534-J.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Europe and America. Complete program of 1952 tours now ready. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

WHO'LL WRITE gal interested desert, rocks, travel, music, laughter? Box 592-J.

EXCELLENT VALET, handyman available to elderly, single gentleman. Box 530-J.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, mature, youthful, uncomplicated, enjoying country life, would hear from "opposite number." Box 531-J.

VACATIONS

CHRISTMAS AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan turkey. Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Skiing. Brandon, Vt.

YANKEE CLIPPER INN, Pigeon Cove, Mass. Small estate open all year for paying guests. Commuting distance from Boston. Reasonable rates.

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. On bluff overlooking Mobile Bay. Write for folder.

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR MUSIC INN. Horsedrawn sleighing, skating, skiing, caroling waiters, music by the fire, Richard Dyer-Bennett. Write MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass.

MERRIBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

MILL FARM INN, Tryon, North Carolina. Delightful fall and winter home on the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

REALLY BEAUTIFUL, secluded, small resort on Caribbean island, ideal climate, has opening for two or three season guests, three months or more, starting Dec. 1, at greatly reduced rates: couple $250; single, $150, monthly; day rate $12. Excellent meals, all comforts, riding, swimming, fishing. Write Eliz. W. Lockwood, RANCHO ROCKYFORD, Isle of Pines, Cuba.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

NAIDNI ON DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, comfortable winterized house, good food, Fall fishing, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 5

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

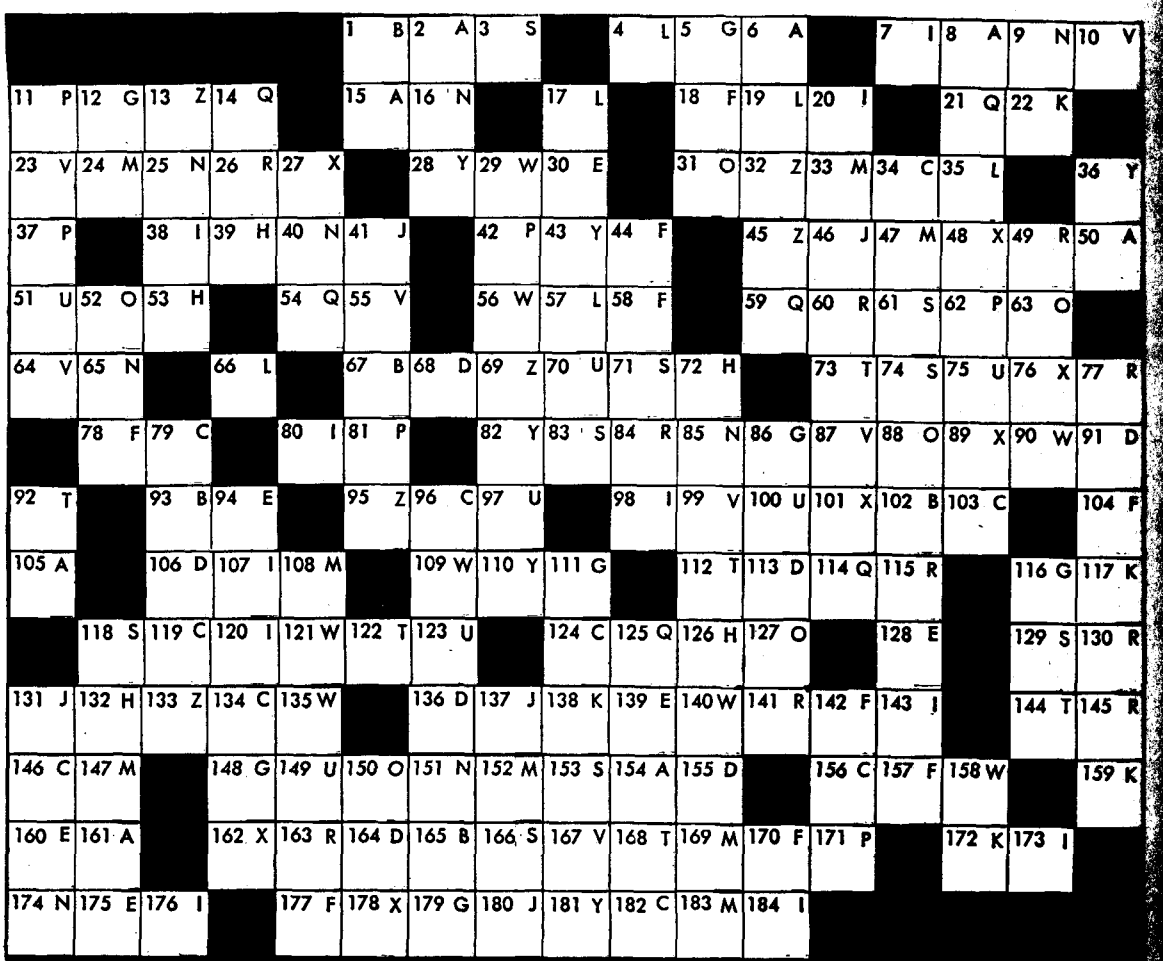
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A warehouse (French).	161 105 50 2 6 8 15 154
B. American editor and critic (1845-1916); asso. editor with Lyman Abbott of "The Outlook").	165 1 67 93 102
C. Forcible breaking open.	119 103 156 79 146 134 124 96 182 34
D. Knavish tricks.	164 91 106 113 136 68 155
E. One who has gained perfection, esp. as shown by occult powers (Hinduism & Jainism).	94 175 139 30 160 128
F. Architectural.	157 58 142 78 44 177 18 104 170
G. He who gnaws at the roots of Yggdrasil (Norse myth; var. sp.).	116 179 111 5 12 86 148
H. Divinely supplied spiritual nourishment (Bib.).	132 39 53 72 126
I. Absurdly mistaken (U. S. slang; 3 wds.).	107 38 173 7 20 143 184 98 80 176 120
J. Stars whose light and energy fluctuate suddenly and tremendously (astron.).	180 131 137 46 41
K. Character in "I Pagliacci."	159 172 22 138 117
L. Sicilian woman martyr of 3rd century, now a saint invoked against volcanoes and earthquakes.	17 35 66 4 57 19
M. Now good, now bad, in performance (sports; 3 wds.).	24 169 152 183 108 33 47 147
N. American motion-picture producer who received award, 1935, of Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences ("Birth of a Nation," etc.).	25 151 9 65 16 85 40 174
O. Not at all.	127 52 31 150 63 88
P. Spanish dramatist whose fame rests on his transition from religious to secular drama (1469?-1529?).	171 81 62 11 37 42
Q. Called "The Rock of Chickamauga" in the Civil War.	114 125 21 59 54 14
R. Applied scornfully to Americans of foreign birth whose allegiance is not wholly given to this land.	26 115 77 145 60 141 49 130 163 84
S. Intertwined.	71 153 129 83 166 61 74 3 118
T. Country of Nobel Prize winner in Literature, 1951.	73 144 122 112 168 92
U. Islands off Japan given back to Russia at close of World War II.	70 149 123 51 100 75 97
V. Alimentary canal or cavity (anat. & zool.).	87 167 55 99 23 64 10
W. Floral leaves of a flower collectively.	121 140 158 90 109 29 56 135
X. Liripipes (hist.).	89 101 162 178 76 27 48
Y. The Greek hypophrygian mode (music).	82 36 110 181 28 43
Z. Son of Erebus, who ferried the souls of the dead over the River Styx.	45 95 133 32 69 13

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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but please be patient

if you have to wait for it

occasionally

There are some things in this world without an exact counterpart—a rare jewel, Michelangelo's David, King's Ransom Scotch . . . You may not always get your King's Ransom when you ask for it—but if you know Scotch whisky, you know that the world's *finest* Scotch is worth waiting for.

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